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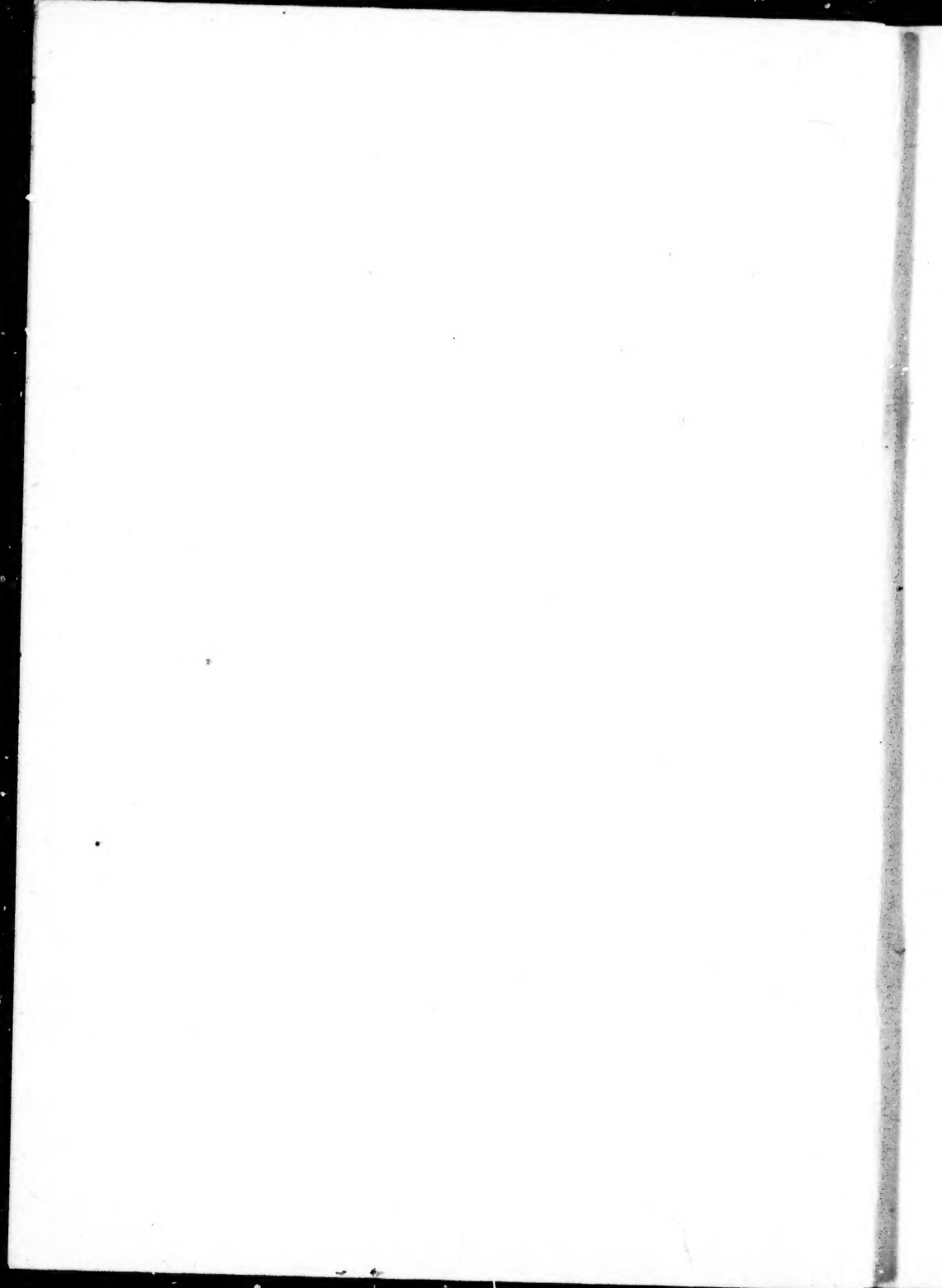
HYMNS FOR PRACTICE

**Not to be Used in the Solemn Worship of
the Sanctuary**

**BY
REV. DONALD MACDONALD
AND ELDERS**



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SPIRITUAL HYMNS

SWEET HOME

A HYMN

CHORUS.—*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Preserve us, dear Saviour, for glory our home.*

Our time, O Lord, is fleeting, our days pass away,
 Our journey still is sweet'ning, thy strength is our stay,
 And now bestow thy blessing, our need Thou all dost
 know,
 And joyfully we'll travel, and cheerily home we'll go.

The frightful scenes that meet us are under thy sway;
 The lame, the weak, the feeble, are constantly thy care;
 So homeward bound contented we'll sweetly glide our
 way,
 And soon we'll see the regions of blissful shining day.

Our time on earth's a shadow, a dream that is told,
 The life of man's a vapor, the young and then the old,
 Our souls are aye immortal, not subject to decay,
 For ever, everlasting, in brightly shining day.

From life to mortal nature we quickly fell away ;
In Adam all have sinned, and since have gone astray ;
But now the joyful blessings of life, and of day,
Are, through the blessed Saviour, our portion for aye.

Our journey home to glory through mournful scenes
we see,
The troubles that afflict us in number many be ;
But when the Lord our Saviour from trouble sets us
free,
We'll sing to him with praises and sweet melodious glee.

Our Lord's a perfect leader, in pain he closed the day ;
He triumphed groaning, bleeding, and thus he paved
the way,
And now he reigns in glory, with uncontrollable sway,
Pursue his steps, be holy, and sing with cheerful lay.

The world's not worth pursuing, we cannot here remain ;
Its pomp and vain allurements, bring sickness in their
train,
But joys of purer nature, and solid, lasting gain,
Are found in Jesus' favor, and free from grief and pain.

The joys of endless glory are constantly in view ;
The prospect now before us, the Lord will render sure ;
And no enchanting charmer in fancy's gilded hue,
Can please the enlightened traveller, or cheat the ran-
somed few.

Our souls enjoy, with pleasure, the blessings Christ
bestows

Our hope of richer treasure, in gradual progress grows ;
When fixed, and firm, in favor, we feel the flame still
glows ;

And though we drink full potions, the stream increas-
ing flows.

Resigned, and still contented, we sufferings here endure,
And plagues, when not prevented, the Lord will
quickly cure,

And snares, by foes invented, with purpose to allure,
Are seen, and broke by Jesus, we home our way pursue.

In dark and dreary seasons, when clouded skies do
low'r,

And gloom prevents the vision, and shades encompass
round,

We still entrust the Saviour, his promises abound,
And stay upon his favor, he is our Rock and Tower.

Though sufferings here are painful and trying to endure,
Bright glimpses of sweet favor bespeak the crown as
sure,

A lofty throne, high raised, and Kingly honor pure,
Shall be our compensation ; the Lord our hope secure.

Though trials sore afflict us, our comforts are not few,
Our souls are filled with pleasure, and sweet refreshing
dew,

And as we grow in stature, our strength, O Lord, renew,
And homeward bound we'll travel, and bid the world
adieu.

HYMN

A SONG OF ZION

Sing loud, my friends, sing loud with glee,
The songs of Zion sing
Before the throne, and joyful be,
In Christ the Lord, our King ;
Sing songs to God, and praise his name,
Who dwells on Zion Hill ;
His mercies great, his works declare,
Then laud and praise him still.

Can tongue declare, or song proclaim,
His mercies great to man ?
Can we, who frail and sinful are,
His love in Jesus scan ;
When thousand thousand angels strong,
With shouting triumphs raise,
The glad hosannas, praise the King,
The Lamb for ever praise.

Can ransomed souls their notes withhold,
Though trembling, frail we be ?
Can silence reign in Zion's gates,
Since Jesus is their King ?
When laurels crown his lovely brow,
Let shouts and songs abound,
Let Zion's gates with melting praise,
And joyful songs resound.

Let ransomed souls, with joy, behold
The heavenly, gracious plan ;
The love which God on man bestows,
Through Jesus Christ, the man ;
The gracious streams of love divine,
Infusing life in man,
And raising high our fallen souls,
Beyond all mortal ken.

In beauty grand the fabric stands,
Of vast creation round :
Jehovah's plan, unknown to man,
In wisdom all is found ;
In Jesus Christ, the clearest light,
Is seen the lovely plan,
Declared of old, by prophets told,
And now, by Christ, to man.

The great Jehovah formed the plan,
And sent his angels down ;
His will declared, from age to age,
And smiled through every frown :
When wrath might shew he love disclosed,
And angels swiftly ran,
With joyful news, through endless views,
To sinful, guilty man.

The great Jehovah formed the plan,
And sent his angels down ;
His chosen flock, from Abraham's stock
In Egypt were confined ;

With mighty hand, from bondage land,
His tribes, by Moses led,
Through sea and land, and desert sand ;
With angels' food them fed.

The great Jehovah formed the plan,
And sent his angels down ;
In mercy great his will declared,
In solemn, awful sound ;
From cloud-wrapt Sinai's blazing top,
Jehovah's thunders ran ;
The great Jehovah's voice was heard,
His laws consigned to man.

The great Jehovah formed the plan,
And sent his angels down ;
The word made flesh, who dwelt on earth,
From sufferings vast, was crowned ;
To Jesus Christ, the clearest light,
The father shewed the plan,
And Jesus Christ with beauty bright,
Reveals the same to man.

Then sing with joy, and lovely glee,
The songs of Zion sing ;
Behold the Lamb, the lovely Lamb,
Is now from sufferings free :
Behold he stands, at God's right hand,
With golden censer filled,
With odors sweet, and incense meet,
And prayers of saints instilled.

And now the Father smiles on man,
Through incense' savory cloud,
And angels bright, with glorious might,
Sing sweet, and lasting loud,
And all the host, before the throne,
The glad hosannas sing,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
Then saints adore your King.

Prepare the song, prepare the glee,
The Lord your hearts prepare,
That joyful sound, in love abound,
With anxious, thoughtful care,
That Jesus Christ, with sweet delight,
Your grateful lays may hear,
Infuse his grace, your joys increase,
And banish every fear.

HYMN

GATHERING OF THE TWELVE TRIBES

We hail with joy the dawning morn,
The love of God shall soon be shown ;
The tribes afar, with joy shall hear,
Messiah comes, redemption's near.

We hail with joy the approaching day,
And sing aloud the glad'ning lay,
Messiah comes, redemption's near ;
The scattered tribes shall soon appear.

We hail with joy the thousand years,
When God shall wipe away our tears ;
When marshalled bands, from distant climes,
Shall prove fulfilled the sign of times.

The Lord displays his ensign high ;
The nations fear, and trembling sigh ;
The outcast tribes assembling see,
And Judah gathered soon shall be.

The dry bones now begin to hear,
And noise, and trembling both appear,
And Israel's army soon shall stand,
All marshalled, thronged in joyful bands.

The sticks shall soon be joined in one ;
The Lord is near the son of man ;
Assembled tribes shall gladly sing,
And David soon shall be their King.

The new Jerusalem soon shall come,
In holy beauties from Morn's womb,
Descending now, from heaven above,
The adorned bride, the bridegroom's love.

The tribes shall sealed be as told,
In numbers great and many fold,
In thousand, hundred, and forty-four ;
Of nations chosen, many more.

These all shall stand before the throne,
Before the Lamb, all joined in one,
All clothed in robes of purest white,
All holding palms, a glorious sight.

The oath of God to Abraham then,
To Isaac, Jacob, Patriarch men,
Shall be fulfilled amply round,
And songs of joy shall sweetly sound.

These holy tribes, redeemed and free,
Shall sing his praise, with joyful glee,
And thousand thousand voices clear,
Shall shout aloud Messiah's near.

Lift up ye tribes your heads on high,
Redemption now is drawing nigh,
Messiah comes, sing loud with glee,—
Your scattered tribes shall gathered be.

Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues,
And thousand thousand sing the song,
And sweet'ning sounds shall ever be,
Before the throne, sung loud with glee.

Then hail with joy the coming year,
The great redemption's drawing near,
Messiah comes, his face you'll see,
Your scattered tribes shall gathered be.

Messiah's day is drawing near,
Like light'ning blazing shall appear,
The host around shall homage pay,
And hail with joy the glad'ning day.

EULOGY

A HYMN

AIR.—*Irin, arin, u horo.*

The Lord's among his chosen few
Shepherd, Lord, and Saviour too,
Light, and Glory ever new,
The Lord our God, Emmanuel.

CHORUS.—*Sing the song of endless praise,
Sing with cheerful hearts your lays,
Crown your anthems with the praise
Of Jesus Christ Emmanuel.*

Worthy is the Lamb who died
Of praise eternal 'bove the skies,
To save us from the Father's ire
He bled, he died, Emmanuel.

Direful was our sinful plight,
Prostrate low in darksome night,
Sun, moon and stars withhold their light,
No ray the gloom could penetrate.

The Sun of Righteousness arose,
The time was set, the time he chose.
Dispelled the gloom, dispelled our woes,
The blessed Lord Emmanuel.

Resplendent orb of light divine
Cheering rays are ever thine,
Circling round this orb of time,
In shining blaze Emmanuel.

Death had seized the precious soul,
Then life had fled as we are told,
The consequence of sin of old
Allowed the world to penetrate.

Stern wrath for sin against us stood,
Justice called for death and blood ;
The Lamb in pity wrath withstood,
The Lamb of God, Emmanuel.

Then thanks for e'er be to the Lord
Who help and safety doth afford,
He raised for us a lasting Gourd,—
Our Sun and Shield's Emmanuel.

The scripture views are now fulfilled,
The Holy Ghost is now instilled,
The Comforter to man, as willed
And promised by Emmanuel.

Though man was doomed, by sin, to woe ;
Though trampled under every foe ;
To save us from the deadly blow,
The Saviour died, Emmanuel.

He saves us from all sin and woe,
He saves us from our hostile foe,
He saves us from the pit below,
He saves our souls, Emmanuel.

He bare our sins, he felt our woes,
He triumphed o'er our mighty foes,
He gained for us a sweet repose,
Before the Lord, Emmanuel.

The woes he bore for sinful man,
Prove the love no tongue can scan,
A love which breezes ever fan,
The breath of God, Emmanuel.

The wondrous works of Jesus tell,
He saves our souls from lowest hell,
He burst our chains, he broke the spell,
By mighty power, Emmanuel.

His death hath reconciled to God,
Thousand thousand pure as gold,
He leads them to his Father's fold,
The shepherd Lord, Emmanuel.

To justify the sons of men
He burst the grave, he rose again ;
He entered life beyond our ken,
He pleads our cause, Emmanuel.

Now seated on his Father's throne,
He lends an ear to every groan,
He pities pain, and sorrow's moan,
He cheers our souls, Emmanuel.

Our souls, by mighty pow'r upraised
He safely leads in holy ways,
Open'd wide the heavenly gates ;
His glory shews, Emmanuel.

He advocates our cause on high,
His merits for us peace did buy,
Our hopes may on his grace rely,—
'Tis finished by Emmanuel.

Though sweetly thrilling songs abound
In holy raptures him around,
He tunes our harps for sacred sound,
On hallow'd ground, Emmanuel.

Then raise your voices loud and strong
Join the holy heavenly throng,
For praise, and glory, all belong
To Jesus Christ, Emmanuel.

ODE TO THE BIBLE

AIR.—*The Campbells are Coming.*

The Bible's a blessing—'tis sent to reform us ;
The Bible's a blessing—from heaven all over ;
The Bible's a blessing—it tells of remission
Of sin, and pollution, by Jesus Jehovah ;
It clearly certifies all it professes,
'Tis sealed, and 'tis sanctioned, by high approbation ;
It reveals to sinners the tidings of heaven
That Jesus hath suffered to ransom and save us.

The Bible's a blessing—it leads to the Saviour :
The Bible's a blessing—pursue it ye careless,
The Bible's a blessing, by holy commission,
It flows like a river to heal and to save us ;

'Tis highly exalted, and pure to perfection,
It weans our affections from earthly creation,
Its teaching, correction, reproof, and instruction
Do deeply affect us, it fits us for service.

The Bible's a blessing—the saints all adore it :
The Bible's a blessing—the wicked abhor it :
The Bible's a blessing—it shews our condition,
And leads, by contrition, to Jesus' atonement :
It purifies, sanctifies all our affections :
It pours its sweet sanction on works of probation :
Infuses sweet essence in pious reflection :
It quickens and fosters our hopes of salvation.

The Bible's a blessing—of heavenly savour :
The Bible's a blessing—'tis mighty to save us :
The Bible's a blessing—it kills the sad canker
Of carnal contraction, by Christ's application ;
It proves to the sinner his sinful condition ;
It strikes him with terror, and sad consternation ;
It leads to detection, and causes correction
Of every transaction, deserving damnation.

The Bible's a blessing—forever declare it :
The Bible's a blessing—confess it in praises :
The Bible's a blessing—imbibe its pure lessons,
And practice its tenets, without deviation ;
'Tis sent us from heaven, by holy direction,
Beware of rejection, 'tis by inspiration ;
Peruse it, and search it, and duly it practice,
'Tis holy instruction—'tis heavenly treasure.

The Bible's a blessing—the word of salvation :
The Bible's a blessing—in spirit observe it :
The Bible's a blessing—'tis life to the living,
Divinely constructed, 'tis by inspiration :
It leads to the portals of heavenly mansions :
Removes all obstructions from man's observation :
The word is a light and a lamp to direct us ;
A shield, and a buckler opposed to the Dragon.

The Bible's a blessing—do read it with prayer :
The Bible's a blessing—'tis food for the starving ;
The Bible's a blessing—afford it protection,
In kindly affection, promote circulation ;
'Twould tell the blind heathen their idols are curses,
Their temples, and altars, and all that concern them ;
'Twould tell them their worship is offered to Devils,
Insulting to heaven, rejecting the Saviour.

The Bible's a blessing—of heavenly nature :
The Bible's a blessing—a pure emanation ;
The Bible's a blessing—consoling th' afflicted,
It cheers, unrestricted the man who observes it ;
The theme, and the subject, to man are an object ;
Because it consisteth of all that concerns us ;
Our full satisfaction's in every action,
And pious affection of Jesus our Saviour.

The Bible's a blessing—above estimation ;
The Bible's a blessing—'tis God's revelation ;
The Bible's a blessing—the secrets of heaven
Are sealed, and protected, from vain speculation ;

The children of promise alone can adopt it,
'Tis pure as the ointment of Christ's consecration ;
The Lord is unwilling t'allow an infraction,
Or wicked inspection of heaven's donation.

The Bible's a blessing—its voice is eternal ;
The Bible's a blessing—its foe is infernal ;
The Bible's a blessing—it cheers and it comforts
Our drooping affections, when guilt is alarming.
It absorbs th' afflicted in heavenly reflection,
It leaves a sweet unction, and strong consolation,
It proves to the troubled that Jesus hath suffered,
To save and deliver, by granting salvation.

The Bible's a blessing—alluring and charming ;
The Bible's a blessing—sweet ointment embalming ;
The Bible's a blessing—it points to the passion,
By cruel assassins, of Jesus the Saviour ;
His love, and his pity, in pious submission,
Reveal, in addition, the will of his Father ;
He bleeds and he suffers, and cries, in his struggles,
'Tis finished, I've conquered, my people are saved.

The Bible's a blessing—its pledge is salvation ;
The Bible's a blessing—designed to engage us ;
The Bible's a blessing—assuring acceptance,
Of pious affections, and soul aspiration :
'Tis granted in mercy to fill us with wisdom ;
It leads to a source of eternal duration ;
The well is frequented by all who are thirsty,
'Tis life-giving water, a well of Salvation.

The Bible's a blessing—our views it enlarges ;
The Bible's a blessing—our sins to us charges ;
The Bible's a blessing—it shows our condition,
And proves that perdition the wicked immerses ;
The way is appointed for all the adopted,
Revealed for our comfort, and soul's consolation ;
The Lord, through its portals, reveals to us mortals,
The plan of redemption, and final salvation.

The Bible's a blessing—believe and obey it :
The Bible's a blessing—to others convey it ;
The Bible's a blessing—promote a full issue,
For Christ is in heaven, our mansions preparing !
The law He fulfilled, and satisfied justice,
He pleads for remission, and plenary pardon ;
All power, in heaven and earth, He possesses,
Then praise him ye living—He's Jesus our Saviour.

HYMN

REDEMPTION BY JESUS CHRIST

The Lord for ever's our friend and brother,
His love to many is free,
In friendly pity, and full compassion,
He suffered on the tree ;
He saw our beauty all was withered ;
He saw us lost, and ever would be ;
He saw the world was full of suffering,
His love, in his passion, we see.

He saw our troubles, our toils, our sufferings ;
He saw, and pitied us too ;
He saw in justice the doom of sinners,
He saw, and ever it knew ;
Our moaning sighs and cries of suffering,
Ever ascended, ever anew ;
On wings of love from his holy heaven,
To save us swiftly he flew.

In humble 'Temple and low condition,
Our God, in manhood, appeared
In humble dwellings, the man of sorrows,
Our souls in pity he neared ;
By shewing love, and heavenly compassion,
To his saints he's ever endeared ;
The troubled souls of humbled supplicants,
By hope he ever has cheered.

By suffering death for guilty sinners,
He paved, and opened the way ;
He led captivity captive ever,
And ushered in the day ;
By his death, he death for ever abolished,
No priest, a victim, need slay ;
Brought life to light, and immortality,
Abundant grace to display.

By mighty power, and glorious effort,
He rose, death could not him hold :
He rose triumphant over his sorrows,
And leads his sheep to his fold :

A crown he wears, a glorious diadem,
Brighter far than polished gold :
He dwells on high, our Friend and Brother,
Our cause his pleadings uphold.

We wandered far from God and heaven,
We wandered trodden, and peeled ;
Became the prey of remorseless devils,
Without a sword, or a shield :
The Lord beheld us powerless fallen,
No weapon had we to wield ;
He saw for all our powerless efforts,
To bonds we ever must yield.

Prostrate, and fallen in bonds of sorrow,
We lay, exposed in the field,
A prey to devils, and prone to sinning,
Obedience never could yield ;
Our Lord beheld, and bowed his heavens,
Took hold of buckler and shield ;
To satisfy law, and heavenly justice,
To death did willingly yield.

He died to satisfy law and justice,
He died, and quickly arose,
He died to manifest love infinite ;
He died to vanquish our foes ;
Behold him now our Friend and Brother,
To free us ever from woes,
At God's right hand our pardoning Pleader :
His Father's will to disclose.

He early bought us, and paid our ransom ;
He claims us ever his own ;
Our names are stamped on his precious breast-
plate ;
The saints shall shine in his crown ;
Behold him high, and highly exalted,
And yet from heaven looks down ;
His cheering face is sure to recover,
And dissipate every frown.

The care-worn sinner, in pure contrition,
Who's taught, and humbled, to pray,
Will find his blessings, like flowing rivers,
His light shall shine as the day ;
The Lord unfolds his treasures hidden,
Unfolds the open way ;
Empowers the soul to aspire to heaven ;
Forbids the tardy delay.

Behold the sufferer now in heaven ;
Behold, and ever admire,
Highly exalted above his fellows :
He suffered the wrath, and the ire :
Our sins would plunge us deep in suffering,
Our foes for this did conspire ;
The Lord has plucked us as brands of mercy,
From hell, and vengeance of fire.

All glorious ever our King, and Prophet,
Our Priest, and sacrifice near ;
He suffer'd, and died t' atone for others,
Because he rated us dear ;

Our precious souls he highly valued,
The price makes this t' appear ;
And surely now, by power infinite,
Our homeward way he will clear.

EULOGY

TO THE SAVIOUR

To praise the blessed Saviour
Is far above my power,
And yet allow me prayfully
To chant my willing lay,
To pour my soul's oblations
In praises to thy Majesty,
And offer up the sacrifice,
In honor of thy name.

Thy name is dear and precious,
Most worthy of renown,
'Tis Jesus ever gracious,
And nigh to all around ;
All men shall bow with reverence,
And yield their hearts' obedience,
Confess Thee Lord in Majesty,
In glory to our God.

Pure angels bright, and Cherubim,
And Seraphim renown'd,
With wings of purest fabric set,
Their faces veil around,
And hosts of Saints, now glorified,
Appear in prostrate holiness,
To celebrate in choruses,
Thy mighty glorious Name.

Loud hallelujahs, praising thee,
Shall never cease to sound,
Through endless vast eternity,
Shall ever more abound ;
And hosts of Angels glorify,
In sweetly sounding choruses,
Our ever blessed Sovereign.
Of universal fame.

When ransomed nations, saved and free,
Their Martyr King behold,
Enthroned in glorious Majesty,
In brighter hue than gold,
A thrilling song shall vibrate round,
From golden harps, and cymbals loud,
In ecstasies of sacred sound,
By myriads, Lord to thee.

Mysterious plans of Providence
Unfolded then shall be,
Amazement then shall seize the throng,
When all revealed they'll see ;
Then darkening clouds, that hide his face,
From Adam's fallen, sinful race,
In token sweet of love and grace,
Remov'd in haste shall be.

Now faith, and hope, and charity,
In ransomed souls agree ;
But faith in full fruition then,
In love, shall enter free ;

And hope's most distant prospects shall,
Be view'd, in open vision all,
When scales from every eye shall fall,
Then love shall reign most free.

When Adam's ransomed, sinful race,
Our Saviour Lord shall see,
On cloud of purest milky white,
Our hearts shall bound with glee,
And thousand thousand voices strong,
In loud enthusiastic song,
Shall vibrate, through the mighty throng,
In praises, Lord, to thee.

So glorious a joyful sight
Ought now fond hope t' inspire,
And kindle, in each bosom, bright,
An holy, sacred fire ;
For soon the goal of time we'll cross,
Refined from sinful, carnal dross,
Our pardon sealed on Calvary's Cross,
By death, O Lord, by thee.

Behold the Lamb, triumphant now,
From death, and sufferings free ;
Exalted high above the clouds,
Above both land and sea ;
Enthron'd in bright effulgent light,
In dazzling splendor, shining bright,
Enjoying, in his Father's right,
All praise, and song, and glee.

All homage, through eternity,
To Jesus Christ is due
Who saves, and frees from slavery,
The ransomed chosen few ;
In righteousness, by sufferings bought,
By death, in full obedience wrought
He clothes our souls ; he daily sought
To set the prisoners free.

Anticipation cheers us now,
Though sinful, frail we be ;
But soon our golden harps shall sound,
Eternal song, and glee ;
In might and pow'r, and skill combined,
And sacred, solemn sounds refined,
Thine ear of holiness inclined,
When loud we'll sing to thee.

Releas'd, at last, from sin and death,
Thy glorious face we'll see ;
Our souls enshrined in purest white,
Exalted high shall be ;
Then wonders of redeeming love,
Behold shall all the throng above,
And shouts of joy shall ever prove,
Our love, O Lord, to thee.

Thy love, O Lord, all skill to scan,
Must prove abortive now,
And even there, in regions bright,
Must fail, and yielding, bow ;

Thy bleeding side, and sufferings vast,
Thy sighs, and groans, and death at last,
Must prove our powers in weakness cast,
O Lord, when praising thee.

The whole creation groaning, lost,
Thou didst, O Lord, behold,
A glowing flame of love divine
Down stream'd into thy fold ;
Thy glory veiled, oh wondrous sight !
In manhood shone the clearest light,
The sun of righteousness shone bright,
Thy love to man t' unfold.

Before thy throne when myriads stand,
In robes of purest white,
All holding palms of triumph there,
To shew thy glorious might,
Who saved us from death's deep flood,
By pouring forth thy soul, and blood,
And under foot our foes hast trod,
Thy name shall glorious be.

Then join, ye saints, and angels strong,
In symphonies of song,
Let heaven and earth resound his praise,
And all their mighty throng ;
For worthy is the Lamb who died,
And reigneth ever 'bove the skies,
Of all that wisdom can devise,
Of glory, might and praise.

All power in heaven and earth in him,
Forever dwelleth sure ;
The fullness of the Godhead all
In him concentrates pure ;
For his loving kindness sing his praise,
Aloft in songs your voices raise,
In sweetest symphonies of praise ;
His goodness still endures.

Our Lord, in blissful majesty,
Beholds his Father's face,
And bowing down, beholds us too,
Bestows on us his grace ;
A fellow feeling of our pains,
In loving kindness still remains ;
With incense offers up our prayers,
And fills our souls with peace.

Vouchsafe, in this our pilgrimage,
Our prayers, Lord, to hear,
And through each weary path of life,
Be nigh, O Lord, to cheer ;
For thou alone our Guardian art,
Now shield us from each fiery dart,
By men's and demons' fiendish art,
That's aimed our souls to tear.

The Saints, and Angels join in song,
With hallelujahs free
That thrilling sounds may vibrate round,
'Bove heaven, and earth, and sea ;

That heaven, and earth may join in one ;
And may thy will, O Lord, be done ;
May sweetest songs, with soft'ning tone,
Be offered, Lord, to thee.

HYMN

GOD ABOVE OUR PRAISE.

Though all my desires, and my powers of inditing,
Were thousands of times more exalted and free,
In vain would I climb the pure heights of ambition,
Jehovah, to praise, by my song, and my glee ;
O never, in heaven, or earth can be given,
Due praise to the Lord, our sins who forgiveth ;
Can a glee sung by me, in the land of the living,
Extol, or exalt him in adequate praise.

But still in our sphere of some duty, and dealing,
Let harmony dwell where our minstrelsy flows,
Let our harps still proclaim some hearty expressions ;
Our thanks to the Lord, for the gifts he bestows ;
It is sweet, it is meet, to sing praises for ever,
To Jesus who died, and again who is risen :
He is high, he is nigh, and our pardon he giveth :
Though now at a distance, he's often in view.

When Majesty high, in sublimest position,
Vouchsafed to descend, to the humblest degree,
To save us from sin, and from endless perdition,
And raise us on high, by his changeless decree ;

Can our tongues, and our songs, and our pious contrition,
As reward to the Lord, be ever sufficient ;
Can a child that is wild, in his fallen condition,
Bestow on the Lord the full homage that's due ?

Though sin had involved us in deadly perdition,
Though innocence left us, and righteousness too,
A plan was devised to effect our contrition,
To save us from sin, and our wills to renew ;
Now we see, in degree, and our hearts may be smitten,
In our thoughts there may be some pious misgivings :
But to flee, and be free, as the Angels of heaven,
Is far from the thoughts and desires of but few.

Behold ! and admire, in the kingdom of heaven,
The Saviour who died, and expired on the tree,
And try if your thoughts are in ample proportion,
To sufferings so vast, and so painful, though free ;
Now believe, and be free, in your trying researches,
And you'll fall to the lee, in your faithful confessions ;
All may see and agree, that you're true in concessions,
When you fairly confess, and your thanklessness own.

Though men were the sufferers, and you the trans-
gressors,
What thankful expressions to them would you owe ?
But when it was Jesus who died and who suffered,
To save us from hell, and from every foe ;
Can our sighs, and our cries, and our praises for ever,
Be adequate praises to him who now liveth ?
Can our few interviews, though in prayerful spirit,
Amount to the praise that is due to the Lord ?

When prostrate we lay, in our sins and our sorrows,
No comfort could know, but indelible woe,
The Lord condescended to bow down his heavens,
In might, and in power, 'o rescue our souls ;
To deliver us ever from sin and oppression,
And render us free from all woeful depression ;
Can our tears and our fears, and our songs in addition,
Compensate salvation, and happiness free ?

From sorrows he raises, and grants absolution
From sinful abasement—our sores he doth cure ;
He frees us from slav'ry, and bondage and fetters ;
He places in safety, and 'stablishes sure ;
What working or tossing can change our condition ?
His covenant is sure, and his word is sufficient ;
What in me can I see, without farther addition,
'To cheer me in song, and in adequate praise ?

When our views are extended from th' earth to the
 heavens,
Contemplating scenes that are open to view,
Our thoughts are confused, and are strangely contracted
Immensity startles us ever anew ;
Look around, be not proud, in candid admission,
Declare in your songs your awful impression ;
Can a man ever scan, in bewildered digression,
The wonderful works, and the ways of the Lord ?

The sun, and the moon, and the stars in their courses,
Revolving or fixed, as the learned agree,
Are parts of his wonderful plan of adoption,
In wisdom designed, by eternal decree ;

By his will, and his skill, and by powerful effort,
He performed the whole, for our good and our comfort:
Now to me it is free, to declare it a comfort,
Our gratitude then is imperfectly shewn.

The earth and the seas, and their splendid productions,
Are numberless marks of his skill and his power ;
The order of things, in the seasons' successions,
The night and the day, and the heat and the cold ;
These can shew what we know, in our daily excursions,
His Godhead and power, in their perfect construction;
It is bold, you are told, to transgress by induction,
And pry into secrets, his will to disclose.

These are but parts of th' Almighty's creation ;
The pow'rful effects of his wisdom's control ;
All made, and constructed, and guided in wisdom,
His glorious perfections displayed in the whole ;
Who can trace, and embrace in a mind so contracted,
Th' amount of the whole, by his strictest induction ?
Can a mind, that is blind, be so ably conducted,
As to penetrate deep in his works and his ways ?

But a loftier theme is reserved for ambition,
To elevate thought, and attract us on high ;
The views are sublime, as the works of the Spirit,
And enter the regions of light 'bove the sky ;
To the heaven of heavens, and to glorious objects,
Where the glorious Three are in Unity perfect ;
Where the view is all new, a beautiful prospect,
The Lamb on the Throne, and his face you shall see.

Then sing as you may, and be humbly contented,
Imperfect in song and in praise though you be ;
For Jesus deserves all our strains, and our efforts ;
His mercy is great and his love it is free ;
It is free, it is free, and 'tis flowing for ever :
Mellifluously free, and abundantly given ;
Drink your fill, at your will, for it flows like a river,
To fill your poor souls, and to charm you to praise.

COMMUNION HYMN

Remembrance pure is due for ever,
To Jesus Christ the gracious Giver
Of bountiful heaven's restaurant
Of bountiful heaven's restaurant.

He suffered alone on Calvary's cross,
To purge our souls from eternal dross,
By opening a fountain of laving, &c.

Behold our Paschal Lamb is offered,
And grace through him is freely proffered :
Acceptance now is salvation, &c.

Mysterious plan of heaven's design :
Mysterious love, and love divine,
Unmerited love to the creature, &c.

Justice aloud, in sounds terrific,
To mortal ears, against the wicked,
Denounces death to the creature, &c.

Remember then the offering free,
Of Jesus Christ upon the tree,
Affording hopes of salvation, &c.

The law of God, by man's transgression,
Dishonored was, beyond expression,
But Jesus conformed in obedience, &c.

Iniquity ended was by him,
Transgressions of man, and mortal sin,
His righteousness now is obtained, &c.

That doleful night of grief, and sorrow,
When Judas, traitor, vile and hollow,
Betrayed the Lord of Glory, &c.

The Paschal Lamb was laid aside,
And bread, and wine, do ever abide,
In remembrance ever of Jesus, &c.

Behold the Lamb of God in suffering,
Himself to God a precious offering;
His body was broken to save us, &c.

His blood was shed to purge us from sin—
Atonement meet forever by him—
A lovely, accepted oblation, &c.

Those symbols now are freely given,
To shew the gift of God from heaven,
Our Saviour suffering freely, &c.

Remember then he died for you ;
Receive by faith his body anew ;
Now eat, and drink at his table, &c.

The Seer of old, in words prophetic,
Invites us now, in songs pathetic,
To feast, and to live, in his favor, &c.

Eat, O friends, yea, drink my beloved,
Abundant store is now allotted,
Choice heavenly food is prepared, &c.

Amazing sight to earth, and heaven,
The Lamb of God for man is given,
To feed, and nourish the faithful, &c.

'Tis meat, and drink, from heaven above,
His body, and blood bestowed in love,
Instilling his heavenly nature, &c.

Our journey here is full of peril,
All nature here is poor and sterile,
Yet lively hopes are obtained, &c.

We feed on him who died and liveth,
Receive the bounty Jesus giveth,
His flesh, and his blood to sustain us, &c.

Take, and eat, by Christ was spoken,
'Tis my body for you that's broken :
In remembrance ever observe it, &c.

After supper he gave them the cup,
Called the New Testament in his blood :
In remembrance drink it all freely, &c.

All power now in earth, and heaven,
To him, by God, is freely given,
Till every Kingdom obey him, &c.

Till prostrate nations trembling fall,
Confess that Christ is Lord over all,
To the glory of God the Father, &c.

Now Lord of glory, highly seated,
By all thy foes despised and dreaded,
Thy people obey, and adore thee, &c.

Behold us now, and crown our efforts ;
Grant thy blessing with these our comforts ;
Our thoughts are open before thee, &c.

Our views are extended beyond communion,
Beyond the Bread, the Wine, the supper,
To food of spiritual nature, &c.

Thy word, O Lord, is spirit divine,
And life, in one they ever combine,
Both food of heavenly savor, &c.

Bestow this bread, the true, the living,
Thy bountiful hand is free in giving ;
Our soul's desire is salvation, &c.

Thy boon, O Lord, our heavenly King,
Cheers thy people their anthems to sing ;
Its value's above estimation, &c.

Souls aspiring to higher condition,
In holy zeal, and pure ambition,
Obtain their life in the Saviour, &c.

His flesh, and his blood, are meat and drink,
Received by faith, nor otherwise think,
'Tis spiritual inward donation, &c.

Now, O Lord, we bow submissive ;
Remove our sins, and fears oppressive
And grant thy gracious presence, &c.

Honor thy table, Lord of Heaven,
That thanks to thee by us be given,
In unity, ever adoring, &c.

EDEN'S LOVELY WOOD

A HYMN

God created rational creatures,
Clothed in righteousness and truth ;
Placed them where they 'njoyed their freedom,
Where they 'njoyed their infant youth ;

A lovely garden east in Eden,
Richly stored with choicest fruit,
Received the pair, the lovely creatures,
There in beauty fair they stood.

The first the fairest blossoms of nature,
In amazement gazing stood ;
The twins adored their great Creator,
First oblation from their lute ;
The earth and sky in pristine grandeur,
All declared their Author good,
All was song and joy and pleasure,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

Luminous orbs of heaven's creation,
Shine refulgent ever above ;
Dazzling splendor marks their progress,
High above both land and flood ;
Amazement seized the fairest creatures,
Gazing long in holy mood,
Adoring God in heavenly fervor,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

The trees around a lovely arbor,
Shining fair with golden fruit,
Drew their thoughts from starry regions,
Down to earth in quest of food,
Their sight and taste were soon regaled,
They praised Eden's savory food,
In joyful transports ever adoring,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

In God's arrangement of creation,
He assigned the parts their place,
Adapting order to their nature,
Genus, species, every race ;
Man in image of his maker,
Endowed with soul, and reason good,
He placed him Lord of every creature,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

The beasts received him Lord of nature,
Yielded homage in their mood ;
Birdies fluttered round him gaily,
They sang their lays, the feathered brood ;
Finny tribes of briny ocean,
Received their orders in the flood,
To yield to man, their lord in nature,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

Behold the man erect in stature,
Shining fair in every grace,
Receiving homage from the creatures,
Highly favored in his place ;
His Maker's image then adorned him,
Never creature fairer stood,
Offering worship to his maker,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

Highly favored by his Maker,
Highly favored from above,
Purely holy in his nature,
Man enjoyed his Maker's love,

Bounteous prospects bright absorbed him,
Tuned his soul in pleasure's mood,
Filled with love he praised his maker,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

The twins enjoyed their mutual pleasures,
Nature's first, and choicest feast ;
Jehovah's bounteous hand prepared,
Rich supplies for man and beast ;
The creatures gazed with sweet amazement,
All the objects there were good,
All supplied by bounteous nature,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

The serpent subtle in his nature,
Envied Eve her holy state,
Infused his venom deep and baneful,
Eve alas ! the fruit did eat,
Adam ate and found it baneful,
Felt he lost the choicest good,
Alas ! they lost their Maker's favor,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

Behold them now in sad debasement,
Fallen low in sin and death,
Deprived of God's all cheering favor,
Stript of holiness and grace ;
Combined evils sad and doleful,
Follow hard their fallen race.
The world is full of lamentations,
Sinful creatures in disgrace.

Behold the former fairest creatures,
Stript of righteousness and peace,
Ashamed of sin, and guilt debasing,
They shun their Maker's holy face ;
Absorbed in shame and perturbation,
There in trembling fear they stood,
Adoring God, alas ! was ended,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

Now debased fallen nature,
Lost the savor of all good,
Therefore man must leave the garden,
From cursed ground to earn his food ;
The woeful loss of heavenly favor,
Blighted praise, and holy mood,
Constrained the man in sweat to labor,
Out of Eden's lovely wood.

For disobedience death's awarded,
Even loss of spiritual life,
Temporal death, and e'en eternal,
Threaten both the man and wife ;
Behold in wonder and amazement,
See his sweat in earning food ;
The lovely pair in sad debasement,
Out of Eden's lovely wood.

Still their Maker ever gracious,
Left them not in hopeless plight,
For he promised them a Saviour,
Christ the Lord of glorious might ;

He honored Eve, the fairest creature,
Threatened Satan with her seed,
Declared his will in loving favor,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

Jehovah's wrath by sin deserved,
Jesus graciously withstood ;
Offered himself a sweet oblation,
Paid our ransom by his blood ;
Sweetly sing and ever praise him,
He obtained our pardon good,
Pleads our cause in loving favor,
Fills our souls with choicest food.

Jesus merits our humble service,
Full obedience to his word,
Justice loud our death demanded,
Jesus quenched the flaming sword ;
A plan was framed for our salvation,
In th' eternal counsel good,
God revealed his loving favor,
East to Eden's fallen youth.

Revelations ever gracious,
From his throne he ever sent,
Declared his will for our salvation,
Angels forth with orders sent ;
In full assurance in their Maker,
They told their tale of heavenly truth,
Declared the promise in the garden,
East to Eden's lovely youth.

All the promises of favor,
Ever proffered in his grace,
Are in Jesu's one oblation,
Shining gracious in his face ;
The Father's love to him's eternal ;
Angels laud him in their might ;
The millions saved shall ever praise him,
Saved from death's eternal night.

Worthy truly ever is Jesus ;
Worthy truly ever of love,
For he suffered and died to free us,
From the law and merited curse ;
Behold him now, and ever adore him,
Highly seated in heaven above,
At God's right hand our Brother believe it,
Pleading our cause his merits to prove.

Sound the voice in praise of Jesus ;
Sound the voice in praise of love,
When absorbed in spiritual vision,
When allured to heaven above ;
Saints and angels ever adore him,
Saints and angels ever above,
Sing the song that ever is pleasing,
Sing the song of heavenly love.

TRUST IN THE LORD

Jesus my Lord in him I trust,
He died and rose again,
He died to save us from our sins ;
In him we life obtain.

Be not afraid, ye little flock,
He kindly speaks anew ;
It is your father's pleasure sure,
The Kingdom to give you.

He gave himself a ransom dear,
Our debt in full to pay ;
We are not henceforth what we were,
We feel inclined to pray.

We are the Lord's, he bought us dear,
And led us to his fold ;
The Lord who keeps us slumbers not,
Nor sleeps he, we are told.

A wall of fire around his flock,
His glory's in his fold,
His arm is strong, his power is great ;
In faith then we are bold.

To him all power in heaven and earth,
Is by his Father given ;
His people then are safe in him,
He leads us home to heaven.

The cov'nant stands most firm and sure,
'Tis sealed by his right hand ;
We sealed are by God's decree,
Forever sure to stand.

What then would cause the saints to fear
When Jesus Christ's on high ?
We here are safe when he is there,
By faith to him we fly.

He sees our tears and sorrows all,
He'll wipe them from our eyes ;
Nor will he shut his ears from those,
Who send to him their cries.

He loved his people from of old,
And loves us dearly still ;
We are a precious gift to him,
By 's Father's love and will.

His love no change shall ever know,
'Tis lasting as the sun,
'Tis high in God, it dwells secure,
His will is ever done.

In love he bowed to view our state,
When lost in death we lay,
In wrath extends his arm of might,
His justice would us slay.

But oh ! the wonders of his love,
His mercy gained the day,
He found a ransom in his love,
Our debt in full to pay.

He found his own beloved son,
Our surety in his grace,
Atonement then was made by him,
And justice yields in peace.

We've now of ages found the Rock,
Our hopes are there secure ;
When resting on that Rock sublime,
Our trust in him is sure.

Now all our foolish hopes are gone,
Which on our works we placed,
Our righteousness is in God's sight,
As filthy rags we've traced.

The Lord our righteousness is pure,
On him we shall depend,
Until in light he shall appear,
And grace to us he send.

The merits of all he has done,
And suffered on the cross,
Will prove sufficient ground of hope ;
All else we count as dross.

Our trust is sure when resting there,
Perfection there is found ;
The righteous Lord is pleased in him,
Our trust in him is sound.

O thou my soul ; do thou return
Unto thy quiet rest,
For largely, lo ! the Lord to thee,
His bounty hath expressed.

Our Father laid our help on him ;
On him our hopes we place,
We trust in God, and his dear Son,
Who shows to us his face.

SECOND COMMUNION HYMN

Air the first.

Jesus suffered to save us,
Death in its awfulest gloom ;
Bowed his heavens to gain us,
To himself a most gracious boon ;
What justice loudly demanded,
Jesus cheerfully paid in our room,
Offered the atoning oblation,
Averted our threatened doom.

And now he pleads in our favor,
The merits of all he has done,
And what he suffered most painful
On the cross for all nations, alone ;
Access he gained to his Father,
To heaven's most glorious throne,
That we on earth should adore him,
In songs of melodious tone.

All the strength of creation,
All the wisdom there can be found,
Are insufficient to praise him,
Though Symphony sweetens the sound ;
Ye Saints and Angels adore him,
Let thankfulness daily abound,
Let all the works of creation,
Eternally praises resound.

Behold ye ransomed nations,
Prepare in amazement to tell,
Proclaim the news of salvation,
Jesus hath us rescued from hell ;

Tell it, O tell it most freely,
O'er mountain, and valley, and dale,
Jesus obtained our pardon,
When in death he painfully fell.

His body was painfully bruised ;
Oh ! think of it, bruised for you,
Broken, and painfully bruised,
Oh ! think on it, Gentile and Jew ;
His blood was shed for salvation,
For peoples and nations not few,
That numberless saints should adore him
In regions of glory as due.

Oh ! think on the Lamb in the garden,
Think on his agony and pain,
Crushed by the sins of his creatures,
His sweat dropping, bloody, like rain,
Think on his heavenly greatness,
His celestial glorious train,
Standing aloof in amazement,
While he suffered our pardon to gain.

Behold in doleful abasement
In the hands of a merciless crew,
The Lamb of God in the garden,
To the judgment hall him they drew ;
Behold him mock'd and abused,
Proud judges the trial renew ;
Although they could not condemn him,
The cross was his fate by the Jew.

Oh ! think on the suffering Saviour,
Oh ! think on it daily anew
When down you fall in prostration,
Your thankfulness daily renew ;
And when approaching his table,
The bread, and the wine, in your view,
May God in mercy prepare you,
Your souls with his grace then imbue.

Now is the day of salvation,
The proof of his favor and love,
By 's death for us he obtained,
The blessings of God from above ;
Marks of his heavenly favor,
Bread and wine, forever shall prove,
Ever remembrance of Jesus,
Our doubts, and our fears to remove.

Glory to God in the highest,
The Lamb is on high with his God,
Preparing a place for his chosen,
Forever with him our abode ;
Pleading our cause with his Father,
To lighten the stroke of his rod,
In mercy forever to save us,
From th' effects of the paths we have trod.

Now bread, and wine, are prepared,
Symbols of his body and blood,
Receive in remembrance freely,
The gift of our Father and God,

His body was broken to save us,
And shed for our sins was his blood ;
Eat, and drink in obedience,
To Jesus the Saviour's word.

Now are presented before you,
Sweet tokens of favor, and grace,
His love bestowed most freely,
In 's sufferings, and pain you may trace,
To show his death he commanded,
His people in order, and place,
To eat and drink at his table,
In sweetest enjoyment of peace.

This day of commemoration,
The death of the Saviour will shew ;
Multitudes crowd in rotation,
Their hearts full of gratitude glow ;
Triumphant feast of our Saviour,
In mercy true comfort bestow,
That through the means now ordained,
Choice heavenly blessings may flow.

Jesus our Saviour's ascended,
A place for us all to prepare,
That in his glorious kingdom,
His people his glory may share :
Eat now, and drink at his table,
In hope that your portion is there,
When here our trials are ended,
He'll banish for ever our care.

Now is the season of favors,
Bestowed, O Lord, in thy love,
To sinful creatures afforded,
Bright seals of the blessings above ;
Foretastes of the heavenly treasures,
An earnest of glory will prove,
When earthly Symbols are ended,
His presence all doubts will remove.

Those Symbols here are ordained,
To strengthen our faith in his grace ;
To show his death to the nations,
That they in them favor may trace ;
That joyful news of salvation,
Dumb idols cast down from their place,
Dispel the darkness of nature,
By the brightness of Jesus' face.

When shines the light of his glory,
To nations in darkness that be,
No myst'ry then will absorb them,
The truth in its brightness they'll see ;
Then bread and wine will be chosen,
Communion to them shall be free ;
To the utmost ends of creation,
Will be songs of joyfullest glee.

Then songs of joyfullest chorus,
At morning and evening will sound ;
Then nations all will adore him,
When Jesus their Saviour is found.

Multitudes crowd in amazement,
Will duly his table surround,
Then bread and wine will be precious,
To nations in unity bound.

LAMENTATION OVER THE STATE OF THE WORLD

Oh ! the world is full of trouble,
Full of sorrow and of woe,
Sin abounds and still increases,
Men their maker do not know ;
Do not know him as Infinite,
Do not know him as their God,
Sin abounds and still increases,
Floods of evils ever flow.

Sin of old this world entered,
Death it followed in its train ;
Man alas ! in gloom and sorrow,
Soon his fate and doom did learn ;
See him now expell'd the garden,
To the desert, food to earn,
His Father's bowels in compassion,
On his child increasing yearn.

Oh ! the fatal separation,
Man must leave his lov'd abode,
Bowed down with shame and sorrow,
Who can weigh his grievous load ?

Chang'd in soul and chang'd in body,
Now he feels his Father's rod,
Now in Eden's lovely bowers,
He can never make abode.

What a change in man's condition,
Fallen low in guilt and woe ;
Trembling sore in sad contrition,
Thinking how t' escape his foe :
Now he knows the lying spirit,
Now he feels the deadly blow :
Sadly musing on his folly,
Out of Eden he must go.

Who can scan his perturbation ;
Who his downward steps can trace ?
He is fallen low in nature,
From his holy, happy place.
Once in favor with his maker,
He enjoy'd his Father's face ;
But his fall brought desolation ;
Darkness clouds him in disgrace.

All his joys, and former blessings,
Are departed from his sight ;
Never more can he possess them,
He has lost all claim and right ;
Cursed ground is now before him,
Sad and doleful is his plight :
Loath to leave the lovely garden,
All its joys and shining light.

Death's unknown till man has fallen ;
Sin's the cause of all our woes ;
Jehovah's law is just and holy,
That his word most plainly shews ;
Man for sin is doomed to suffer,
More than man can now impose ;
Justice calls for retribution ;
Man must yield, that well he knows.

Wailing now and grief and sorrow,
Fill the world from end to end ;
Death in all its forms of horror ,
Causes men though loath to bend,
Wars in all their rage and fury,
Social bands disjoint and rend ;
None can stay the doom that's destin'd ;
Man to dust must soon descend.

Where'er you lend your ear to listen,
Thrilling woes your heart assail ;
Plagues and famine, sword and slaughter,
Rend the air with dismal wail ;
Thund'ring, roaring storm of battle,
Causes heroes' hearts to quail ;
Proves to man his sad condition,
Strength and courage then must fail.

View the haunts of vile pollution,
Nature shrinks to hear the tale ;
Turn, my thoughts, from scenes so filthy,
Go and see the strong barr'd jail :

There you hear the chain's hoarse clanking,
See men's faces wan and pale,
Dreading soon their execution,
Friendship then no man can bail.

The stormy ocean foams and rages ;
Barks are shattered to their keel ;
Brave men's hearts begin to falter,
Now they stagger, quake, and reel.
The awful moment now approaches,
Nature shudders, flesh must feel,
Parting friends—a scene most awful !
Down they plunge for woe or weal.

Sin has plung'd the world in suffering ;
Death devastates all around ;
Strife, and war in raging fury,
Every where on earth are found ;
From the monarch to the beggar,
Wailing woes in doleful sound ;
From the palace to the cottage,
Death in fetters all has bound.

Deadly seed as serpent's poison,
From the father to the son,
Infuses deep in ev'ry creature,
Mortal plagues, in flesh and bone ;
The heart of man is wounded deeply,
Pure and holy thoughts are gone ;
The carnal mind is vilely spiteful
'Gainst the Lord upon his throne.

Mortal men can never fathom
The depth of evil by their fall ;
Alienated from their maker,
None can hear him, though he call ;
Prone to sin, and foul pollution,
What can mortal do at all ?
He drinks up sin like filthy water,
Though its fruit be bitter gall.

Wail to birds of ev'ry feather,
All ye beasts of ev'ry hue,
Man alas ! your Master's fallen,
See him moan beneath the yew ;
Barren desert is his dwelling,
Parched land without the dew ;
Bewail him all ye angels mighty,
Though alas ! he loves not you.

Man must leave this earthly dwelling,
Nature shudders at the tale,
Unprepar'd his doom is dreadful,
Hell is yawning, none can bail ;
See him now convuls'd and trembling,
Looking wild in doleful wail,
Ev'ry ground of hope is blasted,
Hope and all, alas ! must fail.

Sin has entered deep in nature,
Drives the guilty to their doom ;
Drives them on by vile corruption
To the darkness of the tomb ;

View the world in all its folly,
Under clouds and dark'ning gloom,
Prone to sinful guilty pleasures,
Nothing else can there get room.

Behold the nations in their folly,
Bowing down to stocks and stones,
They've lost the knowledge of their Maker,
Hear their wailings and their groans,
Idols dumb they daily worship,
Others splinters of dry bones,
Thinking these can save the guilty,
Helpless creatures left to moan !

God the Lord by sin dishonored,
Though he be the Lord of all !
Guilty world, your doom is certain,
Who reject the gospel call ;
Jesus died to save the sinners,
Who believe e'er since the fall ;
But the world, alas ! reject him,
They receive him not at all.

Lament, then and wail then ye Christians,
Who've obtained your pardon seal'd ;
See the world in rapid progress,
Hasten down the deadly field ;
You can't turn them from their purpose,
To warnings their hearts are steel'd
But bewail them for their folly,
Poor betrodde down and peel'd.

TRIUMPH.

AIR.—Contrast.

Jesus, our Saviour's ascending,
Highly exalted in Glory,
A Prince, and a Saviour attended,
In majesty, royally rob'd ;
Due honors abundant surround him,
Seated on high with his Father,
Crowned in excellent power,
Triumphant over his foes.

In childhood, though humbly descended,
Angels delight to behold him ;
Swaddled and laid in the manger,
Hosts in amazement adore ;
The shepherds beheld them in chorus
Glorifying God in the highest,
Announcing salvation unbounded,
Messiah in manhood is born.

In humble appearance in manhood,
In wisdom, and power, and glory,
Exceeded in excellence highly,
Whate'er was witnessed before ;
His triumphs o'er natural powers,
Treading the head of the Dragon,
Prove him Almighty in manhood,
Calming the sea and the storm.

Suff'ring, and death still before him,
He views in sad'ning amazement ;
Bows in submission to his Father,
And dies on the cross for his own ;
Death and the grave could not hold him,
He burst their fetters in triumph ;
The legions of hell were opposed ;
But could not the conq'ror restrain.

Hell and the earth were combined,
To conquer the Lion of Judah ;
Malignant in hellish alliance,
They muster'd their strength in his views ;
Undaunted the Lion beheld them,
Contriving their plots in the forum ;
The Lamb must be slain, and destroyed,
Their council determined in form.

Vain efforts of men, and of Demons,
To conquer the Lion of Judah ;
To baffle his purpose of kindness,
In love to his ransomed few ;
The purpose of God in his glory,
To send him to seek and to save us,
Strengthened his heart in obedience,
To baffle the cabaling crew.

His sheep were in scattered disorder,
Trampled, and peeled by tyrants ;
Stumbling in darkness and danger,
Knew not the way to the fold ;

His pity and sympathy loudly,
Called for his efforts of power,
To rescue the captives from thralldom,
And lead them in safety home.

His love, and his mercy impelled him,
To satisfy justice in trials ;
To bleed on the cross in defiance
Of ev'ry thing hostile opposed ;
As a Prince in his wrestling in power,
With God, and also with manhood,
He gained the object intended,
Prevailed with God and with men.

Though death, and the grave were intended,
By men, and by Devils combined,
To hold him in fetters confined,
And baffle his purpose of old ;
They knew not his death would redeem us ;
Satisfy justice and gain us ;
Open the way to his kingdom,
That millions should enter his fold.

The Sanhedrim sadly surprised,
Find that the Lamb is the Lion ;
Find him almighty in power,
By victory over the grave ;
Triumphant in vic'try behold him,
In life, and in strength with his Father ;
Adopted forever in manhood,
The only begotten of God.

All power in heaven and earth now
Are given to him of his Father,
A Prophet and Priest in his kingdom,
To teach us the ways of the Lord ;
His kingly dominion extendeth,
Till 's enemies all are subdued ;
All kingdoms of th' earth shall obey him,
All knees in homage shall bow.

He travelth forth in his power
Till nations, and kingdoms obey him,
Till millions of saints shall acknowledge
His grace, and his power to save ;
His triumphs for souls he hath saved,
Shall cause them to shout in his praises,
Sweet hallelujahs in chorus,
To celebrate ever his praise.

Worthy the Lamb who hath rais'd us
From death to his kingdom and glory,
Of all the honor, and praises
Which ransomed souls can bestow ;
Then sing ye saints in full chorus,
Triumphant our Saviour reigneth ;
His blessings, like rivers are flowing,
To fill us with joy in his fold.

His standard is highly displayed ;
He's king in his mantle of glory ;
Sitting on high with his Father ;
Enthroned in his kingly domain ;

Behold him ye saints and admire him,
Triumphant in endless enjoyment,
Pleading our cause in the highest,
Filling our souls with his love.

Lo ! Jesus in mercy to kingdoms,
And nations in darkness involved,
Shineth in brightness and splendor,
The sun in his orbit of gold ;
In 's chariot of gospel ascending,
Flying midst heaven, the Angel,
Proclaiming the gospel and kingdom,
That nations before him may bow.

The darkness is flying before him ;
His brightness illuminates nations :
His voice is almighty t' awaken,
From slumbers of death and the grave ;
The souls in conviction, and wailing,
Are objects of pity and kindness ;
Struggling, and wrestling for freedom,
Find him their Saviour Lord.

When groanings and wailings are rending
The hearts of penitent strangers,
He hears in compassion their cryings,
And saves them from every woe ;
The chains and fetters that bind them.
He breaks, and frees them from bondage ;
Washes them white from uncleanness,
And sheds his love on their souls.

All honor and power are due him,
And glory, by millions of saved ;
When death on the cross he endured,
Our ransom in full he has paid :
Then loudly publish his praises,
He dwells forever in glory,
Preparing a place for his chosen,
And safely will carry us home.

LAST HYMN

BY THE REV. DONALD M'DONALD AND PUBLISHED
AFTER HIS DECEASE

In the regions higher, higher,
Than the eye of man can see,
Dwells the Lord of life and glory
On his throne eternally ;
He alone can fill the station
Next his Father on his throne ;
Rule the nations at his pleasure,
On that glorious heavenly throne.

From of old before creation,
In the regions far away,
In the blazing rays of glory,
In the effulgent light of day ;
He enjoyed his Father's presence,
In his love benignly free ;
Rejoiced joyfully before him,
In his order One of Three.

In the council of the Eternal,
Lo ! the Son our Lord was there :
Justice called for righteous vengeance ;
Sin deserved it every where.
See him now with admiration,
Standing forth our friend to be ;
To avert the threatened vengeance,
By his death upon the tree.

Wondrous plan for our salvation !
Framed and fixed by sure decree :
God to assume the human nature,
Soul and body man to be.
Love infinite, thus engaged him,
Willed his justice to appease,
That his honor and his glory,
Through his son, his saints might see.

Who the purpose of Jehovah
Can behold and silent be,
When the covenant most gracious,
Is the plan of persons three ?
See the will of God our Maker,
Through his son to us revealed,
That our pardon by 's oblation,
Should be mercifully sealed.

Glory to the blessed Saviour,
Who engaged our souls to free,
Who agreed to terms of covenant,
Should fulfilment painful be ;

Before you view him in the manger,
Lo ! the song of angels hear,
Praising God in joyful chorus,
And withal our hearts to cheer.

Lo ! the God of all creation,
Lo ! the Word made flesh appears,
In the likeness of our nature,
To expel our guilty fears ;
Lo ! Emmanuel our Saviour,
In the flesh most humbly bow ;
God in Christ to reconcile us
To himself, and grace bestow.

Justice loud our death demanded ;
Low we lay in guilt and sin.
Woeful spectacle to angels,
Slaves to Satan in his gin ;
Now behold the loving favor,
Of the Lord to sinful men ;
He came to free us from our bondage,
And to raise us up again.

Hallelujah sing in chorus !
He is worthy of our song ;
Of our humble adoration,
And the praises of our tongue ;
Hosts of angels sang before us,
Which the trembling shepherds heard ;
Saints in thousands loud shall praise him,
When they'll hear the sweet award.

If the sight of him in childhood,
Caused the hosts to sing with glee,
Loud the saints shall join in chorus,
When triumphant Christ they'll see ;
When arrayed in all his glory,
By his Father on his throne ;
When they'll see the conquering Lion,
They shall worship God the Son.

When his side shall be exposed,
And his hands and feet we'll see,
Surely shouts in thankful chorus
Shall the songs in glory be ;
All these marks of death so painful,
Borne by Christ for sinful men,
Must excite to admiration,
Of a love beyond our ken.

When the kingdom to the Father,
Christ resigns respectfully ;
All the mystery then dissolved,
Love shall shew eternally ;
Love infinite to the creature,
Then displayed in full shall be ;
Then the effects of Christ's oblation,
Lo ! the adoring hosts shall see.

Then the Saints and Angels joining,
In a holy joyful glee,
Shall the Lord in rays of glory,
On his throne forever see ;

Then they'll know what he obtained,
By his death upon the tree ;
See his shining face in favor,
Where no pains or death can be.

God in love, as is declared
In his word, as all shall see :
When his Son, his Co-Eternal,
As in council both agree,
Was resigned to death most painful,
Groans and cries and agony ;
That his purpose, ever gracious,
In his love displayed should be.

Now the tokens of his favor,
And his love to sinful man,
Are above our estimation,
Are above what we can scan ;
God is high above creation ;
Grace is seen in wisdom's plan ;
Man's the object of his favor ;
Grace in love through ages ran.

Now again, to reassure us,
And confirm us in his love,
He bestows the Spirit freely,
In the likeness of a dove ;
Now his blessings freely flowing,
Showering from his throne above,
Prove his changeless loving kindness,
Which shall never more remove.

Hosts above in holy regions ;
Men on earth who taste his love,
Tune your harps for solemn praises,
Tune your harps your thanks to prove ;
Grateful hearts with love o'erflowing,
Prove your love in grateful songs :
Thrill the air in quick vibrations,
With the praises of your tongues.

Worthy truly ever is Jesus ;
Worthy truly ever of love,
For he suffered and died to free us,
From the law and merited curse ;
Behold him now and ever adore him,
Highly seated in heaven above,
At God's right hand, our Brother believe it,
Pleading our cause his merits to prove.

Sound the voice in praise of Jesus ;
Sound the voice in praise of love,
When absorbed in spiritual vision,
When allured to heaven above ;
Saints and Angels ever adore him,
Saints and Angels ever above,
Sing the song that ever is pleasing,
Sing the song of heavenly love.

HYMN

BY EWEN LAMONT

My soul do thou an anthem raise,
To thank and praise the Lord,
Who from my foes did unto me
Deliverance afford ;
From thralldom and captivity,
Who bought and set me free,
And who did make my waiting eyes,
His loving kindness see.

O Lord my mental taste inspire,
My mental lyre attune,
That I to celebrate thy praise,
May sing thy gracious boon ;
Endue my soul with light and strength,
From thine own presence Lord,
That I thy tender mercies may
Unfeignedly record.

A thoughtless mortal gliding fast,
To everlasting woe
I was, when thou to wake me up,
Thy vocal trump did blow ;
My heart alarmed at its sound,
Did bound within my breast,
My soul though dead did quickly hear,
The earth did cease from rest.

Then was my soul before the Lord,
Involved in grief and shame,
And when I viewed my own misdeeds,
My fears increasing came,
Which made my soul desire to flee,
And wish to be at rest ;
I could not then, as formerly,
Ungodly pleasure zest.

Stern justice me its debtor held,
And threatened endless woe ;
But oh ! my debt I could not pay,
I that did plainly know ;
Then would my soul with ardor strive
To come to Christ ; I fain
Would with my suit to him draw near,
My tears would flow amain.

But ah ! corruption oft revived,
And striving courage failed,
And then the guileful deadly foe,
My helpless soul assailed ;
He oft his deadly schemes employed,
That I decoyed might be,
By his alluring baits of sin,
To guilt and misery.

Death's terrors, in the miry clay,
On me had taken hold,
But my perplexity, and grief,
O Lord, thou didst behold,

And by thy hand didst rescue me,
From sinking in the mire,
And pour'dst grace upon my soul,
Which was my whole desire.

My sins were banished as the cloud,
On which the loud winds blow ;
On that great morn of my release,
My soul with bliss did glow ;
Forgotten were my great distress,
Perplexity and pain,
Then sang my grateful happy soul,
Thy love's melodious strain.

Now since thou hast, O Lord, to me
Thy mercy freely shown,
And raised me to the high degree,
Of those who be thine own,
O never leave me to myself,
But guide my steps alway,
And let this world's alluring joys,
Decoy me not away.

And so I'll not be sham'd when I
Thy kindness will declare ;
And so I will it glory count,
The cross'd reproach to bear ;
And when, in this poor vale of tears,
My transient years are o'er,
My happy soul immediately,
Away to thee shall soar.

Now on this earth, because I have
No long protracted stay,
Since I must soon be called forth,
To leave this mortal clay ;
O lead me in thy statutes' way,
Each day unto the end,
Lest I forsake thy holy law,
• And so thy cause offend.

That I my warfare end like those
Who have the conquest gain'd,
And run my race like those on high,
Who have the prize obtain'd—
And now have on bright crowns of gold,
And hold the glorious palm,
Who now in chorus sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

When here my pilgrimage is o'er,
My soul doth hope to be
In endless happiness, and bliss,
In paradise with thee ;
The world, the devil, nor the flesh,
Shall e'er me there annoy,
I shall, before thy presence there,
Eternal life enjoy.

The great eventful day is nigh,
On which shall Christ appear,
His coming every eye shall see,
Both far away, and near ;
Those that will then be unprepar'd,
Who can declare their woe ?
To everlasting punishment,
They down must quickly go.

SECOND HYMN

BY EWEN LAMONT

How cheering to know that as pilgrims and strangers,
We hastily pass through this valley of tears,
Protected and led through its perils and dangers
By Jesus, whose countenance comforts and cheers :
To know though the flesh be relaxing and wasting,
And ripening fast for the change that is near,
Our souls, for the bliss that is future, are hasting
The bliss we are only foretasting while here.

In every affliction and every temptation,
That grieve and assail us on every side,
We trust for support and for true consolation
In Jesus our Saviour who suffered and died ;
Who rose from the dead and who liveth forever,
And pleadeth our cause with his Father on high ;
For safety we trust not in human endeavor,
Our faith is in Jesus, on him we rely.

Though evils unnumbered annoy and molest us ;
Though troubles beset us and perils appal ;
Though Jesus permits them to try and to test us,
He opens a way to escape from them all :
He'll not us permit to be tried above measure,
He'll readily succour the soul that is tried ;
He knows we could never escape from their pressure,
If he should withdraw and his countenance hide.

The trials that meet us will test, and not burn us,
Relying on Jesus their test we endure ;
As silver and gold that are tried in the furnace,
We suffer no loss but what e'er is impure :

The boisterous waves of affliction he stilleth,
He speaks but the word and the tempest subsides ;
The penitent's prayer he amply fulfilleth,
For us what is needful he freely provides.

In him we believe and have sweet consolation,
No other delight can the soul satisfy ;
Relying on him as our only foundation,
The flood and the tempest we face and defy :
No other could save us from endless perdition,
Could satisfy justice our ransom could pay ;
Could purchase our pardon, and grant us remission,
Could open to life everlasting the way.

Then while we have grace in our hearts to adore him,
Our harps shall no more on the willows be hung,
Our songs of laudation we offer before him,
Our harps to his praise shall be joyfully strung :
Blow heavenly breezes, awaken our glory,
Flow freely ye streams from the pure living spring :
That youth may unite with the aged and hoary
In anthems of praise to our Saviour King.

His love shed abroad in our hearts we would mention,
The sweet living showers that flow from above ;
But who can declare what's beyond comprehension,
The height, and the depth, length, and breadth of his
love :

How timely received are his tokens of favor,
How dear to our souls are his promises all ;
His kindness endureth, it lasteth forever,
He graciously heareth, on him when we call.

Through him we surmounted the trials that met us,
By faith in his promise we still overcome ;
He promises truly he'll never forget us,
Forget, can a mother, the child of her womb ?
Though she may forget him and comfort refuse him,
God's love for his people shall never decline ;
It flows to our souls from our Father's kind bosom,
The love of our Father is free and divine.

Though these mortal bodies shall soon be dissolved,
And sown in corruption like seed in the ground ;
We soon shall see clearly this mystery solved :
For when the Archangel, the trumpet shall sound,
In glory unfading, in joy, and immortal,
Our bodies shall wake and arise from the tomb,
No more to re-enter its low dreary portal,
No more to descend to its darkness and gloom.

The kingdom of glory we then shall inherit,
The house of our Father, where pleasures abound ;
The home that we neither could purchase nor merit,
Where aught that defileth shall never be found ;
Where we shall see Jesus and worship before him,
And where his beloved shall ever abide ;
Where ransomed millions shall praise and adore him,
When he shall rejoice in his glorified Bride.

THE PENITENT'S MONODY

BY EWEN LAMONT

If weeping allay my astonishing fears,
Break forth and run over ye founts of my tears ;
While here in deep sorrow and sadness I go,
With my tears let me mingle the draughts of my woe.

Sharp arrows pervade me, my vitals they tear,
My sins crush me down to the brink of despair ;
They mount far above me, they reach to the skies,
I'm panting beneath them, but cannot arise.

How heaveth my bosom with anguish and pain,
My groans of deep sorrow I cannot restrain ;
Strange terrors affright me, my soul is dismayed,
For the rod of affliction upon me is laid.

God's justice arraigns me, I tremble and fear,
Its threatenings of vengeance loud peal in mine ear ;
Woe's me, I am guilty, my folly I rue,
I halt in suspense as for pardon I sue.

Regardless of danger, I floated along
In the stream of my sins, that ran restless and strong ;
That would plunge me where mercy would ne'er me
reclaim,
In the woeful abyss that I shudder to name.

I'm lonely and destitute, low and forlorn,
I'm held of the proud in derision and scorn ;
That I wasted my substance, my sufferings declare,
The result of my folly, I grievously bear.

I wear my lone vigils in darkness and woe,
I'm full of confusion, I'm tossed to and fro ;
I sink in deep waters, they reach to my soul,
Dark waves of affliction quite over me roll.

To the haven of safety, O how shall I flee ?
I'm tossed as a ship on a boisterous sea ;
And the gathering tempest with trembling I view,
To escape from its fury, O what shall I do ?

While here I am tossed without shelter or shield,
I dread that the spoiler may tempt me to yield ;
O that I to the rock with my life could repair,
As a roe from the chase, as a bird from the snare.

The destroyer me watches, my foibles he knows,
And his tempting allurements around me he throws ;
Let me spurn his vile dainties, his proffers decline,
Never more let me relish the husks of the swine.

Tho' dangers be hid from my sight for a while,
As earthly pursuits my affections beguile ;
No permanent rest or true comfort I gain,
While the bruises and wounds of my spirit remain.

I look for salvation to Jesus alone,
Whom yet I may see and embrace as my own ;
Tho' now as a friendless poor stranger I roam,
The good Shepherd can lead the poor wanderer home.

I weep, but can tears of repentance atone
For the deeds of my folly, in years that are gone ?
Can my sin-laden soul be relieved of its load,
And created anew in the image of God.

In the beautiful image effaced by the fall,
By the sin that brought ruin and death upon all ;
Yes, Jesus that image again can restore,
And the soul that receives it shall perish no more.

O Jesus, dear Saviour, have mercy on me,
These yearnings within me are known unto thee ;
Let the balm that is healing, O Lord, be infused
Into this my poor spirit, now broken and bruised.

O thou Son of David, the sinners' true friend,
Thine ear in compassion refuse not to lend
To my loud lamentation, sad moaning, and cries,
Let them not from my bosom unheeded arise.

O Jesus thine ear to my moanings incline,
Let me not unto death in this misery pine ;
Extended to save me, thine arm, till I see,
I will look from the depth of sorrow to thee.

For assurance of favor, Lord thee I implore,
Me lead where these terrors affright me no more ;
Then, Lord, shall thy praise be the theme of my song,
And forever engage both my heart and my tongue.

O cause me, dear Saviour, to watch evermore
At thy gates, and to wait at the posts of thy door ;
Importunately to know till the entrance shall be,
At the mandate of mercy expanded for me.

HYMN

BY ELIAS ROBERTS, TEACHER

Sweetly sound the praise of Jesus,
Only name to sinners dear,
Sweetly join the glorious anthems,
Praise the Lord in holy fear,
He has purchased our salvation,
He has washed us in his blood,
He has vanquished every tempter,
Made us kings and priests to God.

Offer up the sweet oblation,
Offer up our humble praise,
Hallelujah without ceasing,
Ransom'd millions ever raise ;
Worthy is the Lamb that bought us,
And redeemed us by his blood ;
Every kindred, nation, people,
Yield an incense to our God.

Deep in sin, and misery trodden,
Long we wandered from the fold,
Jesus sought, and found us naked,
Clothed us with the purest robes,
Jesus sought and bought our pardon,
Paid our ransom with his blood,
Jesus found us, on the mountains,
Far from holiness and God.

Oh ! the love, the love infinite,
Jesus born in Bethlehem,
From his Father's holy heavens,
So he comes to dwell with man ;
Came to do his Father's pleasure,
Came his majesty to bow,
Came to seek his long lost treasure,
Came to magnify the law.

Came to purchase our redemption,
Came the Anointed Son of God,
Came to raise our fallen nature,
Came to shed his precious blood,
Came the man of grief and sorrow,
Came the bruised reed to heal,
Came the meek and lowly Jesus,
Came our own Emmanuel.

View him in his humiliation,
In his suff'rings, and his death,
View him as the Man of Sorrows,
Bow'd to yield his heavenly breath ;
In the hour and power of darkness,
All the foes of God, and man,
All conspire to crucify him,
All reject the Great I AM.

In the dire hall of Caiaphas,
The Sanhedrim all agree,
At the judgment seat of Pilate,
All exclaim him crucify :

Up the rugged Calv'ry's mountain,
See our precious Saviour led,
Till the Cross was elevated,
Where the precious victim bled.

Oh ! the love, the love infinite,
None but God such love could show,
None could bear such ignominy,
None sustain the dreadful blow,
God was then in Jesus suffering,
Nature then was veiled in gloom,
Then was laid our lovely Jesus,
In the silence of the tomb.

But victorious, he triumphant,
Rose in endless Majesty,
Rose our Saviour, Friend and Brother,
Rose to plead our cause on high ;
Rose triumphant o'er his suff'rings,
Rose our Prophet, Priest and King,
Rose to give the captives freedom,
Hallelujah ever sing.

Sing ye ransomed sav'd by Jesus,
Our redemption he made sure,
Seal'd our pardon by his suff'rings,
Rose to make the crown secure ;
Ransom'd millions now victorious,
Sing the triumphs of his reign,
Join ye saints in songs melodious,
Offer incense to his name.

Jesus' name how sweetly precious !
Those redeemed alone can know ;
But, O Lord, we feel our weakness,
All thy love abroad to shew :
Raise our views, our thoughts heav'nward,
Elevate our minds to thee ;
Then, O Lord, in incense, offer'd,
Is thine own in praise to thee.

Of ourselves we can do nothing,
Worthy thy infinite love,
Not by man, O Lord, thou knowest,
Would we approach thy courts above,
All thine own we bow submissive,
Offer up our humble praise ;
See our Shield, thine own anointed,
And accept our grateful lays.

SECOND HYMN

BY ELIAS ROBERTS

Can ransomed souls e'er cease to sing
The praises of our Saviour King ?
With anthems loud his praise resounds
In sweetest notes of joyful sounds.

Our sweetest notes of praise belong
To Jesus Christ, in cheerful song ;
Our feeble voice how weak to raise,
And sing our Great Redeemer's praise.

Freely he left the courts above,
Freely he came in purest love,
He felt our woes, he bare our sins,
Partaker of our human pains.

He bore our sins whilst here below ;
He conquered every hostile foe ;
To endless life our way he trod ;
Our life is hid with Christ in God.

Never shall death nor hell enthrall
The ransom'd, freed by Jesus' call ;
He call'd our souls from darkest gloom,
Into the glorious light of noon.

From straying on the mountains wild,
Enticed by sin, by satan guiled ;
Jesus alone could break the spell,
And save us from the lowest hell.

As sheep without a shepherd near,
We strayed in deserts pathless, drear ;
No ray of hope how dark the gloom !
Dark as the shades of silent tomb.

Death reigned in all the gloom of night ;
Our souls enchained by satan's might ;
No works of merit could we do ;
The carnal minds no good pursue.

Exposed we lay,—Oh wond'rous love !
That brought the Saviour from above,
For Jesus came to seek and find,
Jesus the shepherd good and kind.

He came and found us lying now,
In mis'ry, wretchedness and woe ;
Our trespasses as mountains stood,
And intervened our souls and God.

His love did penetrate the gloom ;
His voice awak'd us from the tomb,
Arraigned in guilt we then appeared,
Our souls eternal vengeance feared.

Mount Sinai's thunders peal'd aloud :
Our sins arose, a threat'ning cloud :
Justice demanded death and blood.
Our souls in guilty terror stood.

The Lamb of God in mercy stands,
Shewing his bleeding side, and hands,
Pleading before his Father's throne,
The merits of his death alone.

He gave his life, he shed his blood,
T' appease the threat'ned wrath of God ;
He burst the grave in conquering power,
Victorious on th' appointed hour.

Triumphant from the grave he rose,
Victorious o'er his vanquish'd foes ;
Ascended high to's Father's heaven ;
Eternal life through him is given.

The mighty conqueror on high,
In heaven he hears the plaintive cry,
He hears the mourners in distress ;
He left his heavens for our release.

The mountains of our sins were gone ;
The brightness of his presence shone,
It cheered our souls, no tongue can tell :
He sav'd us from the lowest hell.

Infinite love did melt our souls,
As oil into a vessel flows ;
The Still Small Voice that speaketh peace,
Bade ev'ry doubt, and fear to cease.

The Sun of Righteousness arose,
With healing in his wings, disclos'd
Refulgent, glorious light of day,
With all the powers of life display'd.

Then sing his praise with joyful glee,
And cheerful voice sweet melody :
He conquered death, he rose again
Ascended high our souls to gain.

The dreadful debt in pain he paid ;
In suff'rings vast th' atonement made ;
He bore our sins, a mighty load ;
Jesus alone the winepress trod.

He suffer'd in Gethsemane,
In doleful pain, and agony ;
His soul's exceeding sorrowful,
His sweat, as drops of blood, did flow.

Arraign'd before the bar of men,
His judges could not him condemn :
The meek, the lowly, lamb of God,
Faithful before his judges stood.

Descended from his Father's heavens,
His life a ransom freely given ;
No man had power his life to take,
He gave it for his chosen's sake.

How cruel were his murderous foes !
Then all in rage against him rose,
And mocked and scourged the lovely Lamb,
Him crucified they all exclaim.

He's robed in mock'ry's purple shade,
A crown of thorns put on his head ;
Ah ! think that when our Saviour died,
Nails pierc'd his limbs, a spear his side.

Nailed to the cross by cruel men,
He pleads for all for whom he's slain ;
In love he bowed his head and died,
And mounts triumphant 'bove the skies.

In heav'n his ever glorious seat,
Where millions, bowing at his feet,
Incessant praise, in anthems sing ;
There reigns our glorious martyr King

No more the robe of mock'ry wears,
No more opposed by sorrow's cares,
No more in grief, and pain to sigh,
No more on calv'ry's cross to die.

He suffer'd once to atone for all ;
He enter'd once within the veil ;
In heaven he fills the mercy seat ;
The Father owns the off'ring meet.

Jesus ascended glorious High ;
He reigns in power and majesty ;
All knees shall bow with one accord,
And ev'ry tongue confess him Lord.

Glory ascribe to God on high ;
Exalt his name triumphantly ;
Let every people, kindred, tongue,
The praises of our Lord prolong.

Praise him all times in ev'ry place ;
Praise him for redeeming love and grace ;
Praise is the highest strain above ;
Praise is the theme of perfect love.

All praise to Jesus Christ is due,
In sweetest anthems, ever new ;
Ye ransomed ever sing the strain,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain.

The height, depth, length, and breadth of love,
In Jesus Christ the incarnate God,
Transcends the power of tongue to tell,
For Jesus hath done all things well.

He is our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On him doth all our hopes depend ;
He will direct our steps always ;
He is the Life, the Truth, the Way.

In Glory, power, and love combined,
Thus doth he make of willing mind.
T' accept the offered mercy still,
And yield obedience to his will.

The ransomed love with willing soul,
And yield to Jesus, Lord, our all ;
And praise and homage to his name,
In hallelujahs loud acclaim.

He is the Lord our Righteousness ;
He leads his chosen on to bliss ;
Our souls aspire to higher place,
To see our Jesus face to face.

HYMN

BY JOHN COMPTON

Ye ransom'd in the Lord rejoice,
And praise his name with thankful voice,
Sing ye to him, his praise proclaim,
In honor of his holy name.

Behold the wonders of his love :
For he descended from above
To save our souls from death and sin,
That we might live, and dwell with him.

He left his Father's blest abode,
To manifest the love of God,
To seek and save that which was lost,
And gave his life to pay the cost.

He paid our ransom, when he died,
God's justice then was satisfied :
'Twas through the sufferings of his Son,
The victory for us was won.

He hath ascended up on high,
He led captive captivity ;
And he hath given gifts to men,
Which proves that he, for us, was slain.

He now doth intercede above ;
He sympathizes in his love ;
Hath fellow-feelings of our grief,
And to our souls he sends relief.

And now the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one,
In wisdom, power, and might doth prove,
To ransomed souls, that God is love.

Love is his darling attribute ;
He changeth not, He's infinite,
His love he manifests to man,
He loved us ere the world began.

He loved us while he bore our sins,
He proved it, when he made us Kings ;
The Father's will for to disclose,
And rise in triumph o'er his foes.

His love is pure, he loves us still,
O doubt it not, it is his will ;
The Kingdom he for us prepared ;
His word is sure, he hath declared.

Then Zion sing, his grace abounds,
And praise his name in joyful sounds,
Oh ! praise the glorious Lord of Hosts,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



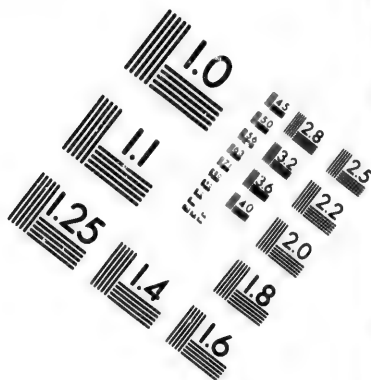
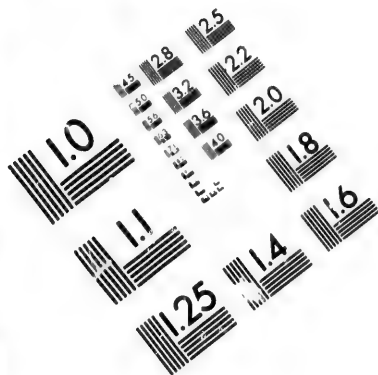
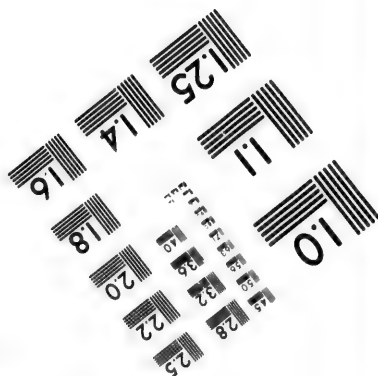
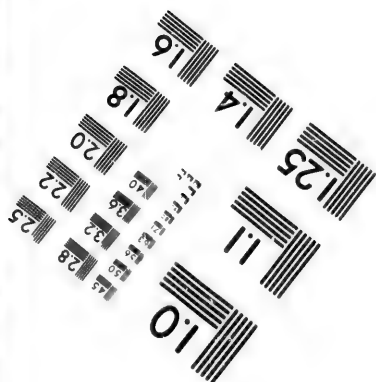
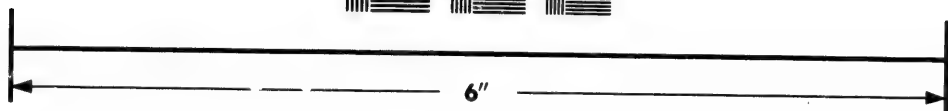
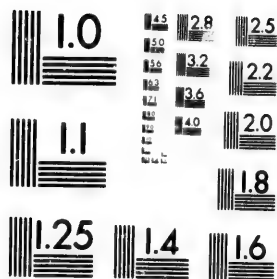


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“AIR SON MISNICH DÒ LUCHD
IARRUIDH CHRÌOSD”

(Translated in the year 1842)

Ye who are now oppressed with grief,
In sore affliction bound ;
For whom, in vain and empty husks,
No nourishment is found ;
Who cry, Our Father, we have sinned
'Gainst thee and Heaven above,
And are unworthy to partake
Of thy paternal love ;

Our portion we have spent abroad,
It doth no more remain ;
And now we see and feel our loss
With grief, remorse and pain :
Deliver us from our distress,
Our bands and fetters rend ;
As hired servants us receive,
Our feeble cry attend.

Your tears and lamentations bring
The time into my view
In which I had in anguish lain,
And sore complained as you ;
But steadfast on this glorious Rock
My goings God doth make,
And in his promise I believe ;
He'll never me forsake.

Through many a grief though now ye do
Pursue the narrow way ;
Although its weary, rugged path
Your troubled hearts dismay ;
Though ye with souls disconsolate
The lengthened path behold :
You tread the footsteps of the flock
Now brought into the fold.

Though in your faint and weary souls
Despairing thoughts arise,
His promised mercy God will show,
The poor will not despise ;
Your grievous burden will remove,
And bruise your cruel foe :
Then from your lips, from day to day,
Your Saviour's praise shall flow.

Then unto you it shall be known
That God afflicted you
To save you from impending wrath,
And lead you safely through ;
That ye might not on groundless hope
With confidence rely,
And lest you should, forever more,
In endless torments lie.

To view the wondrous love of Christ
Your chief delight shall be,
Who gave his life your souls to save
From endless misery ;

Who through his flesh prepared for you
A new and living way,
Thereby that you might death escape,
And satan's fatal sway.

Who did not call you hence, when dead
In trespasses you lay ;
But who, in mercy to your souls,
Did here prolong your stay,
To take away your filthy rags,
And you invest anew
With beauteous robes—with bright array
Of never fading hue.

You'll feel within that Jesus is
Your great Physician too.
His people's wrongs he doth redress,
The sick with health renew.
As he displayed his power divine,
The blind their sight received,
And those whom satan's bands did bind
Where by his might relieved.

A hearing ear he gave the deaf,
He cleansed the leprous throng,
He gave the lame the use of limbs,
He loosed the speechless tongue,
And others lain in death's repose
Arose at his command ;
He rescued those in sore distress
From their oppressor's hand.

Salvation, rest and liberty
You'll thus in Jesus find ;
To joy your mourning changed shall be ;
He'll ease your troubled mind ;
A lively hope, and love unfeigned,
The Saviour shall bestow,
A hope that maketh not ashamed,
And love that e'er shall glow.

He dearly bought this liberty
To which are we restored :
He gave his life, his blood he shed,
His soul to death he poured ;
And thus our heavy debt was paid,
And wrath was pacified ;
The Father reconciled to us,
And Justice satisfied.

O who can scan the vast extent
And strength of love divine ?
Who can its boundless length and breadth
And height and depth define ?
By human tongue its richness great
Declared can never be ;
Past finding out it was and is ;
It lasts eternally !

Behold what great display of love
Is brought within our view,
And of the excellence of God's
Most holy justice too,

In Christ, our Saviour and Friend,
 Contending with the foe,
 Appeasing Justice by his blood,
 That grace to us might flow.

Ye who through grief to death draw near,
 O hear his loving call :
 Unto your souls he offers rest
 From sore distress and thrall ;
 In love he offers to the poor
 A treasure sure for aye,
 Which neither moth nor rust can mar,
 Which never shall decay.

VALEDICTORY HYMN

This place of worship ere we leave—
 With full and free accord,
 We now desire our thanks to give
 To thee our loving Lord.

CHORUS.—*Do thou alone our right maintain,
 Our Lord and Saviour dear ;
 Till we together meet again,
 To lead our paths, be near.*

Lord, for thy favor since we met,
 Thy glorious name we praise ;
 On vocal harps in order set,
 Our peans loud we raise.
Do thou alone, etc.

As we unite our voices now
In joyous melody,
With hearts united let us bow,
In homage, Lord, to thee.
Do thou alone, etc.

As we are now about to part,
Us guard from every snare—
O Jesus, who our safety art,
On thee we cast our care !
Do thou alone, etc.

O grant us wisdom as we go,
To frustrate satan's wiles ;
To disregard the world's vain show,
Its haughty frowns and smiles.
Do thou alone, etc.

Our valediction, though we sing,
We hope to meet again,
To honor, serve and praise our King—
So let it be, Amen !
Do thou alone, etc.

ON THE FAITHFUL FRIEND

(A translation of "Nach lianmhor aobhar n' ilaid dhuinn.")

How often cause of sorrow comes
In our sojourn below !
How bold and fierce our enemy,
To deal his deadly blow !

How oft comes danger and distress,
To grieve us as we onward press !
If God would cease with grace to bless,
Our life and strength would go.

How often cause of weeping comes,
While here we do remain !
How oft will nature's weakness cause
Our inward light to wane !
When least we think, there comes a fall,
Which coldness brings and grief withal ;
How oft this world our minds will call
Aside with guile again !

How often sin will cast us down,
As vanquished on the field,
With weariness and wounds laid low,
We then to weakness yield.
Had not there been a Fount to ease
And cleanse away each sore disease,
Man's skill could ne'er our pains appease,
Our wounds could not be healed.

When foes around encompass us,
To cast us in the mire ;
In front of battle let us press,
As God's behests require.
Let not our courage yield to fear,
There is a friend that's always near,
To help us, and our prayers to hear,
Fulfilling our desire.

That Friend, so good and gracious,
Most kind in all his ways ;
Who from the womb hath served us,
From youth who did us raise ;
Assuaged our grief, gave joy instead,
And ease from trouble, fear and dread,
Who gives to us our daily bread,
And strength in all our days.

His wondrous love was towards us,
Before the world began ;
That it should be fulfilled in us,
Was his design and plan.
Behold his boundless love displayed,
When down for us his life he laid,
And by his blood atonement made—
Our Saviour, God and man !

His love is unconceivable
To human mind or light ;
Its depth is as eternity,
Its length, its breadth and height.
We can't conceive the debt he paid
In full, without our feeble aid—
The burden that was on him laid,
He bore with glorious might.

Behold him numbered with the thieves
And hanging on the tree !
And pouring through his open wounds,
His holy blood runs free !

Now God the Father him forsakes,
The rocks are rent, creation quakes,
His loving heart in anguish breaks,
In dying agony.

We can't conceive the trials great
That met him by the way,
While he for us the law fulfilled
And all our debts did pay.
His foes were near—his friends retire—
His cruel murderers' desire—
His soul endured the wrath and ire
That down on us should weigh.

And now behold him glorified,
At God's right hand on high.
How great his name, how joyful are
The hosts that stand him nigh.
Their thanks and praise in union go
To him in sweet accord and flow :
That song shall ne'er an ending know,
His glory ne'er shall die.

O blessed are they whose Lord he is,
He calls them to their fold ;
From sore temptation he will save,
From ills he will them hold.
To pleasant pastures them he'll guide,
All fruitful, peaceful, fair and wide ;
In safety they shall there abide
With joy and peace untold.

As trees beside the brook are they,
That streameth gently by :
Their leaves are green in times of drought,
They neither fade nor die.
Their roots will deep and deeper go,
As up their blooming boughs will grow,
With fruit their branches bending low,
Their roots in fatness lie.

He is his servants' strength and stay,
He guides them by his hand ;
He will uphold and strengthen them
Against their foes to stand.
God's chariots and his angels strong
Encompass them, a mighty throng—
Unto their foes does not belong
To see the heavenly hand.

And they who in his vineyard work
As faithful servants may,
And whose desire to please their Lord
Increases day by day,
Through trials *here*, their course must run,
Above, their rest shall be begun ;
They shall be, when their work is done,
To glory called away.

AN ENGLISH VERSION OF
"SUD AM PEACADH A DHRUIDH OIRNN"
IN THREE PARTS

PART I.

Oh ! how deep the transgression that hath left us
despoiled !

Fallen, abject and restless by the serpent beguiled ;
Left in shame and in sorrow left our loss to deplore,
That our home in fair Eden we must leave evermore !

Oh ! how grievous the sorrows that it brought in its
train !

Every nation must suffer from its trouble and pain.
As are branches denuded of their bloom by the frost,
So by sin was our beauty and our purity lost !

Source and cause of all peril, and of every woe—
Man created in honor, now dishonored and low—
Now confined and distracted, stripped, embarrassed
and tried,
Sewing fig-leaves together, that his shame he might
hide !

When the voice of his Maker, in the cool of the day,
In the garden was walking, fallen man fled away !
Filled with fear of his presence, glad no more at his
call—

Oh ! the guilt and debasement, sin entailed on us all !

Nought he found that could hide him, from the eye
that's on all.

God hath spoken, "Where art thou?" Man must
answer the call.

For his guilt and confusion, his excuses are vain !
He can offer no ransom, his redemption to gain !

'Then was lost his sweet converse with his Maker and
Lord ;

Everlasting confusion was his due and reward.
From the tree that life giveth justly driven was he ;
And a sword that was flaming kept the way of the tree.

But a Cov'nant was entered of redemption for man,
In the Trinity's council, ere the world He began,
In which man is entitled to a higher degree,
Than we held in fair Eden when from sin we were free.

Unto man under sentence of displeasure divine,
God in mercy revealed his decree and design ;
He hath promised the woman, fallen low and accused,
That the head of the serpent, by her sex, should be
bruised.

Unrecalled, unforgotten was the promise sublime ;
Came the seed of the woman, in the fulness of time—
Christ, the Father's true likeness, his delight and his
love,
And the brightness most holy of His glory above.

See ! the loveliest infant ever seen upon earth !
Lowly laid in the manger, so estranged at his birth,
In the inn, to the parents needed aid is denied—
They must lodge in the stable with the babe at their
side.

In the city of David, was our Saviour born—
Welcome news to the shepherds, by the angels was
borne.
Praise to God in the highest, peace on earth and good
will ;
Was there ever in music, such a beautiful thrill ?

But of men He's rejected, He's neglected, despised—
To accomplish His slaughter, many plots they devised ;
So intense was their hatred, malice, envy and ire,
Nothing less than to kill him, could fulfil their desire.

PART II.

Though the Son for a season in the world did abide,
Yet he sought not its treasures, nor its pleasures and
pride—
'Twas to rescue and save us from our merited doom—
O the love that inclined him thus to toil in our room !

Who can fathom the perils that our Shepherd came
through—
He had trials most grievous of which we never knew ;
Satan tempting him often, strove to thrust him aside ;
Moved against him the rulers, blind with fury and
pride.

In the Garden near Cedron, doleful, weary and sore—
Though his sweat as he wrestled, burst through every
pore,
Bloody sweat from his body fell in drops to the ground;
Yet he bore the affliction till with victory crowned !

He encountered all peril, his elect to set free ;
In our stead, as our ransom, held by justice was He.
By his Covenant promise, for our debt he must stand;
Now the hour that drew nigh him was the time of
demand.

Now his foes unresisted seized their victim in time—
In their council they treat him as if guilty of crime :
All the court was unfriendly, no defender had he,
Though their false accusations always failed to agree.

He endured the revilings of their viperous tongues—
See ! they cruelly beat him—oh ! the pitiless throng !
See ! the mock robe of purple—see ! the mock thorny
crown !
See ! the blood from his temples, on his raiment drops
down !

On thy height, O Golgotha, what commotion I see !
Who is led as a victim ? sore afflicted is he—
With his cross on his shoulder, as thy summit he nears,
I can dimly behold him through the flow of my
tears.

Would they treat him so rudely, if they knew it was he?
That it was the *Messiah*, whom they hanged on a tree—
Would the hands that have nailed him be so daring
and strong?
Would they taunt him so rashly with a blasphemous
tongue?

But how could they show pity, when the spirit of Cain,
To accomplish his murder, did them urge and con-
strain,
But although to afflict him, all their malice was stirred,
He against their detraction did not answer a word!

When the tempest that brooded, in its fury came on,
Undiscouraged he viewed it—he withstood it alone!
When his soul and his body, for his flock he laid
low—
Oh his conflict and sufferings, who can thoroughly
know!

Now is opened securely, thus a new living way,
Through his flesh unto glory, now we joyfully may
Travel onward and upward, with our trust in his love,
Till he call us before him, to his glory above.

PART III.

Thou art worthy of praises, O my Saviour dear!
Me, thou feedest and ledest, through my pilgrimage
here.
Thou, my Rock of salvation, speedy aid in my need—
O without thee my portion would be mournful indeed!

Thou, my health and dependence, dearest friend of my
soul !

All the evils that grieve me are beneath thy control.
May thy countenance beaming, joyous feelings in-
spire—

May thy breathing infusing, thrill with music my lyre !

'Tis my want of obedience to thy precepts divine,
Makes my ardour to falter, to relax and decline.
Full of doubts and misgivings, weak and timid through
fear—

Oft the marks of my weeping, on my pillow appear !

Kind to me were thy dealings, since I breathed in this
clay,

Though I did from thy precepts often heedlessly stray.
In thy rod of correction, I thy mercy discern—
For thy smile on me beameth, when obedience I learn.

O my Saviour protect me from the serpent's dread
power !

He is wily and restless to molest and devour.
Shelter thou from his arts me, from the darts of his
tongue—

Lord, thy love is my castle—everlastingly strong !

To be sought and desired, more than wine is thy love;
As a river it streameth, flowing free from above.

Than the jewels more precious in its virtue and
power—

It is sweeter than honey, gathered fresh from the flower!

To declare it, where can we, a comparison find ?
To the love that exceedeth all conceivings of mind.
Neither angels nor mortals can encompass it round—
Who in song can it herald— who can tell of its bounds?

There is nought that can quash it, everlasting the
same :
Mighty floods cannot quench it, or abate its bright
flame.
That its influence guide me, of thy kindness I crave—
That its banner of glory always over me wave !

O my loving Redeemer, be my shield and my stay !
My affliction thou seest, when enfeebled I stray.
Be thy mercy around me, while I'm bound in this
clay—
To the mansions of glory, till thou call me away !

EXHORTATION TO THE YOUNG

(English version of " Earail do 'n Oigridh.")

As the end of my day,
In this body of clay,
As my time of departure's near me ;
There will pass from my tongue,
To the ears of the young,
Timely words, if you choose to hear me.

Soon your beauty shall pass,
As the bloom of the grass,
As the withered rose descendeth ;
Age, disease and decay,
Swiftly hasten their sway—
Oh how quickly this journey endeth !

See ! in summer's fresh bloom,
Infants laid in their tomb,
Lovely maids and young men together :
As the plants that are seen,
In the morning so green,
Prematurely to wilt and wither.
Youth, attentively hear,
Seek the Lord while He's near,
In your purpose and aim, decided ;
Seek his favor and peace,
Bend before him your knees—
Be your paths by his precepts guided.

Shun the things that are vain,
Deem them not as your gain,
Early search for the one thing needful.
Seek a heavenly crown,
Though the world on you frown,
Christ confess, and to him be heedful.
All the world though you'd gain,
All its glory obtain,
With its silver and gold and pleasures—
Will their value compare,
Or comparison bear,
To the wealth of the heavenly treasures ?

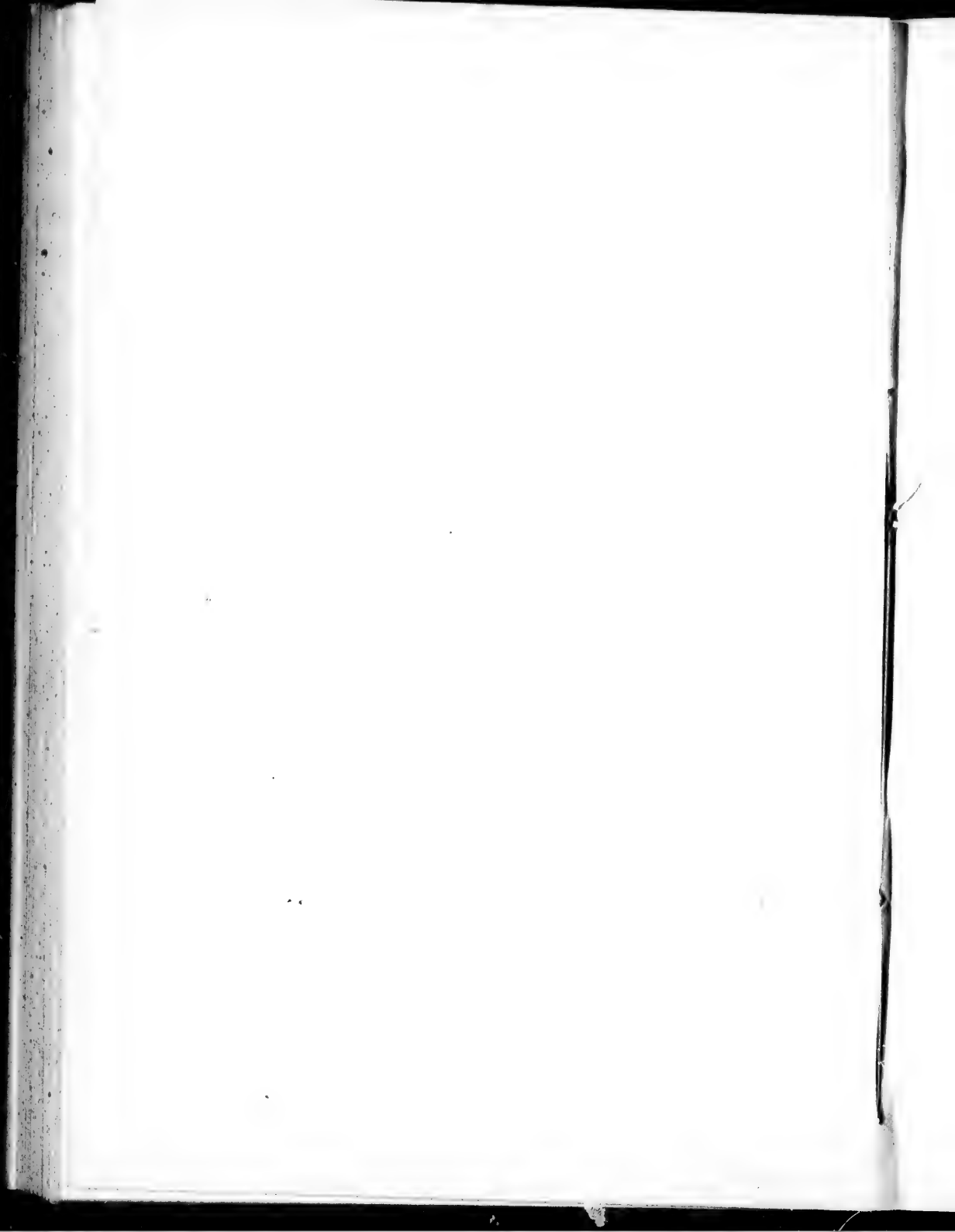
O young man be aware
Of your enemy's snare--
See him lurking to seize and rend you,
May the Lord from above,
In his pity and love,
From the enemy's wiles defend you !
Now are set for your choice,
Life and death—give your voice—
Which of those as your choice will please you ?
Wise advice will you hate,
Seize your enemy's bait,
And repent, when too late, like Esau ?

Though your enemy may
Throw his baits in your way,
Pass them by—do not touch or take them.
Whate'er others may do,
Be your aim to ensure
Wisdom's precepts, and ne'er forsake them ;
And in Jesus abide,
Lean on him as your guide,
He will render your pathway even :
He will bless you with strength,
He will bring you at length
To the glories prepared in heaven.

Though your courage may fail,
And afflictions prevail--
In adversity he will cheer you.
Well he knoweth your fears
All your troubles and tears--
He's the Helper that's always near you.

But if satan come nigh,
And your armor laid by,
You are worsted when undefended,
Then in earnest apply,
For the balm that's on high,
Or you'll bleed till your day is ended.

When in prayer you bend,
Reach your true, loving Friend—
You will find he is always ready;
Ever bending his ear,
Earnest prayer to hear,
He's the friend of the poor and needy.
In his shelter abide,
As your shepherd and guide—
Of his love he will ne'er bereave you.
When your journey is o'er,
You shall peacefully soar
Up to Glory, where he'll receive you.



TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

GAELIC HYMNS

OF

THE LATE REV. D. MACDONALD AND
EWEN LAMONT, ELDER

THANKSGIVING

"Laoidh Taingealachd."

My desires, loving Jesus,
Were to thee in my anguish ;
When in prison enslaved,
When in chains I did languish,
And when sin, so enticing,
Held my mind in possession,
Lacking power of arising
From the mire of transgression.

From the light of thy favor
Far away did I wander ;
But I oft would endeavor,
And would fain break asunder

All the fetters that bound me ;
But the foe would assail me,
His assaults would astound me,
And my courage would fail me.

Ill at ease was my conscience
By the pangs of conviction :
Then I pleaded with Jesus
To be freed from affliction :—
Lord, my soul from the bondage
Of the strong man deliver ;
Grant me strength in thy mercy
Ere I perish forever.

But, instead of the Saviour,
Then came satan to grieve me,
To mislead with false courage,
Of true hope to bereave me ;
Fear of threatened vengeance,
Sense of danger would leave me,
Sinful pleasures, beguiling,
For a time would deceive me.

But, behold with what favor
Has my Saviour sought me !
With what fatherly pity
From the pit has he brought me !
I was filthy and hateful,
Sunk in shame and confusion—
I was helplessly lying
In the vilest pollution.

O my gracious Saviour,
With what love hast thou sought me !
With what fatherly pity
From the pit hast thou brought me !
Now the Lord in the number
Of his children receives me ;
Now my path is to glory
Tho' the foe often grieves me.

O thy love, my Redeemer,
Unto me is unbounded :
By thy word I am strengthened ;
By thy mercy surrounded ;
And the earnest received,
Unto me is a token
Of thy promise unfailing,
Ever faithful, unbroken.

Now my soul has the earnest
Of thine own Holy Spirit,
Of the purchased possession
Which the saints shall inherit :
All proceeds in the order
That Jehovah hath given,
Till we rise to the glory
And enjoyments of heaven.

Wake, my lyre, in melodious
And harmonious vibration !
Rise, my soul, in the Spirit's
Cheering, sweet inspiration !

Offer praises in thrilling,
Loud, and willing laudation,
To the Lord, for his blessing
Of free grace and salvation !

O how worthy is Jesus
Of my lays of thanksgiving :
Me he washed, and now raises
To the joys of the living ;
To his presence most glorious
Now my soul he is bringing,
Halleluiah ! in chorus
With his own to be singing.

Praise and glory and honor
For thy promise, dear Saviour,
That my soul, 'neath the banner
Of thy love and thy favor,
In thy secret pavilion
Will securely be hiding,
Till I see thee in heaven,
There forever abiding.

THE KING IS COME

“Thainig an Rìgh.”

Faith is given, away are driven
All doubt and terror ; the King appears !
Now his banner unfurled in heaven,
In light and honor he highly rears :

The Lord in hand the trumpet has taken,
Has blown a blast of spiritual power :
The slumbering sinner he did awaken,
He cleared the shadows that long did lower.

Came the voice of the Lord from heaven—
The earth was shaken, the clouds distilled,
The grave of spiritual death was riven,
The soul, awakened, with fear was filled :
Trembling he came in true contrition,
The Lord with prayerful spirit he neared,
And Jesus lovingly cleared his vision—
The door was opened, the King appeared.

He poured his spirit, the heart was broken—
Ye powers of darkness and death, begone !
Dawn, awaking of morn the token,
O'er all the livid horizon shone.
The deaf, the dumb, the blind are receiving
Their hearing, speech, and vision, amain ;
And each and every soul is living,
In whom the heavenly King doth reign.

But we with horror were filled, and terror,
Upon discovering judgment nigh ;
By the Spirit we saw our error,
The sweet and bitter were proved thereby ;
By anguish seized, amazed, astonished,
Of hell the gloom and suffering we feared ;
But fear is banished and doubt has vanished—
The Sun is risen, the King appeared.

The glorious Trinity saw and 'stablished
The plan, ere heaven and earth were made ;
And all, when finished, his glory published,
His power with melody sweet displayed.
The Sons of God were all rejoicing,
The morning stars together did sing,
Creation everywhere was voicing
Due praise to heaven's eternal King.

His voice he uttered, and every being,
For glory fitted, arose to view ;
The former heaven and earth were fleeing
Before his presence ; then came the new.
Descending in beauty down from heaven,
Was seen the new Jerusalem then,
In holy heavenly form approven—
The glorious dwelling of God with men.

Praise and honor are due forever
The Lamb, who willingly came to die ;
He freely, fully, did all recover,
And now he dwelleth our Priest on high,
Pleading our cause with God the Father ;
To us he will peace and righteousness bring ;
No cause of sorrow have we, who gather
To our deliverer, Christ the King.

Jehovah's infinite, glorious Spirit
Within his temple eternal dwells ;
This love and unity we inherit,
Without our merit, as Scripture tells.

Far were we from God and heaven,
In long captivity withered and seared,
But faith was given, away were driven
All fear and terror, when Christ appeared.

With great compassion our souls he draweth
With cords of man and bands of love ;
The light and liberty he bestoweth
The world can never withdraw nor give ;
Us on the bridal day he receiveth ;
And milk, and wine, and honey, shall be
Freely granted, by him that giveth
All good, and loveth eternally.

Cheering melody, praise and gladness
Attend thy marriage, O lovely Lamb !
Thine own delivered from fear and sadness
With joy unspeakable, peace and calm ;
The daughters of Sion all together
Shall there, to see King Solomon, come,
When at his marriage the Church, his mother,
Shall place upon him the Diadem.

Souls rejoicing, adoring, loving,
Attend thy wedding, O glorious Lamb !
In robes of righteousness clothed, all having
And holding forth the victorious palm ;
These are the souls whom Jesus glorified,
Washed in his blood, delivered from woe ;
Their habiliments cleansed and purified,
All unspotted, and white as snow.

On pastures pleasant shall be their dwelling,
With him that sitteth upon the Throne ;
Where wine, and honey, and milk, are welling,
Despair and sorrow are there unknown.
The Lamb doth lead them all to waters
Of free salvation, living and clear ;
He breaks all fetters, all gloom he scatters,
And wipes from every eye the tear.

Arise, O Sion ! break forth in singing !
There's joy unspeakable nigh to thee :
Christ thy Saviour the flock is bringing,
As tender Shepherd he sets them free.
Although for his own life was given,
He rose with might o'er death and the tomb ;
He reigns forever with God in heaven,
And safely gathers his chosen home.

The King's wherever his people gather :
He came already, and yet shall come ;
He calleth thither the Tribes together ;
No more shall Israel wayward roam.
The fold when filled is thrilled with melody,
Hearts renewed all singing the strain :
Who Jesus follow, with him, all hallowed,
A thousand spiritual years shall reign.

ON THE SUFFERINGS OF THE SAVIOUR

"Fullangais an Fshanuighear."

"The sufferings of my Saviour
I celebrate and sing;
The birth, and meek behaviour,
And dying of the King.
Oh! wonder most inscrutable
That human tongue can name—
The Internal and Immutable" *
In Christ, to save us, came.

By sin and deep transgression weighed
Creation all did groan,
In death and dire oppression laid,
Unable to return.
But lo! the glorious Trinity
Ordained the Lamb to be,
In manhood and divinity,
Our ransom full and free.

But oh! my inability
To sing in lofty strain,
The love and the humility
Of him who bore such pain;
Who shed his blood, recovering
The sheep that went astray;
A living spring discovering,
That drink his people may.

* D. B.

Then, Lord be thou unsealing now
The theme of this my song ;
So by thy grace revealing, thou
Shalt freely fill my tongue
With words that shall expressively
Of Jesus' sufferings tell,
While on the earth submissively
And humbly he did dwell.

The Scripture shows his holiness ;
How sorely he was tried ;
How he, in love and lowliness,
His glory laid aside ;
How he, throughout his passion, all
Our human nature wore :
His soul and body rational
Great pain and sorrow bore.

Though human reason will go far,
To understand the pain
That Jesus bore, for those that are
His awful sufferings' gain !
The world could not the books contain
That would explain it all,
When down the wrath of God amain
Upon him came withal.

No wonder fear surrounded him,
When our transgressions ail,
Like awful mountains frowned on him—
They down upon him fall !

And heavily they bear on him
With pain that we deserved ;
But naught could bring despair on him
That never, never swerved.

While men, in base contempt, at him
With rage and malice heave.
How fiercely satan tempted him
The world can ne'er perceive ;
The blackest hosts of darkness came
Around him, raving wild,
And sent their darts with fiendish aim
To maim the Undefiled.

But what was mostly grieving him,
Though hell so fiendish strove,
The world was disbelieving him,
And fleeing from his love ;
They would not own that lovingly
To save his flock he came ;
They slighted, unapprovingly,
His holy, heavenly aim.

Yea, in their mad malignity,
Of all compassion void,
They treat him with indignity ;
Like dogs they round him hie.
Yea, also, bulls of Bashan there
In rage beset him round ;
And they, on that occasion, were
Assailing him while bound.

But more than foes confronted him :
The winepress must be trod—
Behold the cup presented him
E'en by the hand of God !
For Justice must be satisfied
By Christ, the promised seed ;
The Law, our ransom ratified,
Required that he should bleed.

Lord, now beyond the stream, for us,
O'er Cedron as we go,
Cause heavenly light to beam for us,
And wisdom do bestow,
That we may see him conquering
The hosts of hell alone—
They for his blood are hankering—
He wrestling for his own.

When came the time, appointed him
In wisdom's plan of yore,
By God, who had anointed him,
He humbly, meekly, bore
The sorrows, that so awfully
Rolled over him amain,
And sank him sadly, woefully,
In agony and pain.

Low on the ground appealing there,
Oh ! heed his earnest cry :
He prays his Father, kneeling there,—
From me this cup pass by ;

My soul is sad exceedingly,
Death seizes me upon ;
Yet adding meekly, pleadingly,—
Thy will, not mine, be done.

But oh ! my King and Saviour dear,
The fearful hour is come
In which, by loving favor here,
Thou standest in our room !
His bloody sweat is streaming now,
And freely down doth flow ;
His face, no longer beaming, now
Is marred by grief and woe.

Death's terrors then came drearily
And darkly him upon ;
His soul was wrestling wearily
And sadly there alone ;
But now his loving heart was pressed
For all to be fulfilled,
Which was to purchase heavenly rest,
E'en as his Father willed.

Though awful were his grief and care ;
Though scourged and weary, worn ;
Though spit upon and made to wear
The purple robe in scorn ;
Though piercing thorns his temples tear ;
Though cares his visage mar :
The winepress that he tramples there,
More awful was by far.

Though on the cross, oppressively,
Six hours of pain he bore ;
And though his blood excessively
Through wound and scar did pour ;
Though men can not discern it, He
Did greater horrors quell—
The darkness of eternity,
The pains of death and hell.

And thus he did atone for us,
Alone upon the tree ;
The wrath that was in store for us,
He bore in agony ;
The curse for sin that lay on us
Which he, our Saviour, bore,
In justice would have weighed on us
Forever, ever, more.

He opened by his suffering
A new and living way,
And justice by his offering
Is satisfied for aye ;
His lifeblood flowing precious,
On earth did favor bring ;
Now all the living graciously
Sing praises to their King. Amen.

ON THE RESURRECTION

“Laoith air an Aiseirigh.”

Arose the light brightly o'er us,
Arose Jesus our Lord from the grave,
Arose the Sun in his glory,
Arose our Saviour with power to save ;
Arose the day of salvation,
Arose the Prince of our peace from all woe,
Arose our Leader and Captain,
Arose the Messenger, grace to bestow.

Now the shadows shall vanish
With the darkness of death and despair ;
Sin, sedition and hatred
Shall not harrass thy people for e'er ;
Graceless lore, with its errors,
To mislead us shall never have room ;
Satan's power shall be banished,
And his angels be hurled to their doom.

There are tokens of favor—
Came with power the opening of seals,
Awoke the souls of his people ;
What was prophesied now he fulfils.
Came our Saviour, Jesus ;
With his Kingdom he came from above ;
Came our peace and rejoicing ;
Came to dwell in us, Faith, Hope, and Love.

Thy day, as foreseen of many,
Abraham rejoiced to behold ;
Moses saw it, and Aaron,
Led from Egypt the flock of thy fold ;
Job beheld it, and Daniel :
Thy Spirit the subject revealed
To all the Prophets, from Adam,
Till their theme on the Cross was fulfilled.

Wicked men had no power
Christ our Saviour in bondage to hold ;
Power neither had satan,
Nor his armies, though many and bold ;
And the world had no power,
Though conspiracies base it did ply ;
Even death could not hold him—
He awoke, and ascended on high.

His foes were bloodthirsty, cruel ;
They were pitiless, rude and unkind ;
But strongly wrestled the Lion,
Bruised their head with his heel as designed.
All his foes he has vanquished,
With the Kingdom's bright Sceptre in hand ;
He is ever exalted
In his dwelling of glory, our Friend.

As 'rose our Saviour, Jesus,
In like manner arose we from woe ;
The soul immortal he wakened,
And the light of his presence did flow ;

The gates of Paradise opened,
Now the spirit of grace he bestows,
And so my soul, now immortal,
In the blest resurrection arose.

Christ is the blest Resurrection,
He's the Life and Salvation for aye ;
Awoke on Sabbath's blest morning,
Rose from death and the grave where he lay ;
A certain sign that his chosen
In his image shall rise from the tomb,
That we shall be with his presence,
Clothed in beauty, and freshness, and bloom.

Oh ! my friends and my brethren,
Ye whose souls Life and Liberty know,
To us came Jesus, our Saviour,
Gave us speedy relief from our woe ;
Our souls immortal, adopted,
In the Lamb's loving bosom have room ;
And though this body is mortal,
Christ shall raise it to life from the tomb.

As woke our souls, thus obtaining
In the first Resurrection a share,
This body also in beauty,
He will surely to Paradise bear ;
Then both, immortal, enduring,
Shall in glorious union be found ;
Then in Abraham's bosom,
And with durable happiness crowned.

But we must part from vain shadows,
From this body of death with its cares,
Ere we can enter before him
In the house he in glory prepares.
The bright abode of his glory
Is incorruptibly glorious e'er,
And what is filthy or lying
Shall not find any dwelling-place there.

And when will come the time destined,
We in flesh shall continue no more ;
This body, falling putrescent,
Then our souls up to glory shall soar ;
When comes the great Resurrection,
Christ on clouds shall be seen to descend
Upon the Throne of his glory,
And ten thousands of saints shall attend.

He shall, as parchment is folded,
Fold the heavens in presence of all,
Reveal his dwelling-place glorious—
'Round the light of his glory shall fall ;
Then, the elements melting,
And the world incandescent shall be ;
With heat of flames shall be boiling
All the watery deeps, and the sea.

Then shall Christ seize, triumphant,
The last trumpet, and sound it with might ;
Its voice shall wake in a moment
These our bodies, to life and to light ;

Then our souls down to meet them,
And with welcome to greet them, shall come ;
They shall as one be immortal,
In the image and power of the Lamb.

Then Christ in love shall address us—
You, my friends and my people, I chose !
With my blood I have bought you,
Gave you victory over your foes ;
My precious blood, shed to save you
From your sins. I averted your doom,
And now ye all are immortal
In my image, and beauty, and bloom.

Come, ye blest of my Father !
Come, my children and brethren true !
And inherit the Kingdom,
Long prepared, and made ready for you ;
Sin or death cannot enter
Here, to trouble, to vex, or cast down !
Ye are glad with my presence ;
On your heads wear forever this crown.

Now look in pity, dear Saviour,
On thy people, and favor them show ;
Prepare them messengers faithful
Them to teach, that in grace they may grow ;
Let no languor or leanness
Ever weaken their godly desire ;
Be their Shepherd, to lead them,
And to feed, as they ever require.

As thou didst grant them redemption,
And salvation from death and from woe,
Do thou teach them and guide them,
To thy mansions on high till they go ;
From the world do thou save them,
From the foe, and oppression of men,
Till they see thee in glory,
Bright, beyond our conception and ken.

COMMUNION HYMN

“Laoidh Chomunnich.”

Who would not to the Saviour
Turn with earnest desire ?
Jesus Christ who endured
Pain and suffering dire,
Treatment cruel and shameful,
Piercing thorns on his brow ;
Drank the cup of God's anger ;
Meekly, lowly did bow.

What a bright revelation
Of the love of the Lord—
Earth and heaven united
In harmonious accord :
Christ, beloved of the Father,
First-begotten of God,
Appeared on earth to redeem us ;
Shed his precious blood.

When inflexible justice
 Stood against us in wrath,
None could make the atonement
 But by suffering death ;
When eternal destruction
 Was our merited doom,
Jesus satisfied justice,
 Suffered death in our room.

All the sorrow and anguish
 He foreknew would take place
Did not weaken his ardor
 In the covenant of grace.
He saw his people despairing,
 Far away from the fold ;
And he died, that the nations
 Might his favor behold.

O, who would not the favor
 Of the Messenger crave—
He who veiled his glory,
 That his flock he might save ?
For us his body was bruised,
 Freely shed was his blood—
The blood that seal'd the new Covenant
 He abundantly shed.

Now the Sun, in his glory,
 Arose our souls to inspire :
Thrills the bard in his musings
 While attuning his lyre ;

The Sun of righteousness, shining,
Beams divinely around ;
To the saints, in communion,
Love and joy do abound.

On this day of remembrance,
Heavenly blessings are showered
On those surrounding the Table
Of our gracious Lord :
Some are weeping, and mourning,
In grief of soul, and distress ;
Many praising our Saviour
For salvation and grace.

What a sweet invitation
By his people is heard :
Ye weary, heavily laden,
Hear his gracious word—
Come ye all in my presence
From your bonds and distress ;
Sit ye down at my Table,
And my favor confess.

Jesus, with his disciples,
When his time was at hand,
Took bread and wine in communion ;
Gave a dying command—
Eat and drink, in these symbols,
The flesh and blood of the Lamb ;
Do ye this, in remembrance
Of my death, till I come.

Love, in this generation,
Is the same as of old—
Pouring forth from the father,
Cheering warmly his fold :
Then rejoice in the favor
Of the Saviour above ;
Bow in meek adoration
At his Table, in love.

Grant, O Lord, that these symbols
May be blessed to each soul ;
May thy spirit inspiring,
Cheer, revive and console,
That we may eat at thy Table
The living bread from above,
And drink the wine that will raise us
To the praise of thy love.

Praise and honor are due him,
Who was bruised in our stead ;
To redeem us from thralldom,
Who on Calvary bled ;
Who ascended victorious,
To his glory again ;
There our cause he is pleading,
Giving gifts unto men.

SECOND HYMN

ON THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST

Lord, hear me now, and me endow
With heavenly light and strength of mind,
While I essay this mournful lay
On Jesus' sufferings for mankind.
Such tears and cries, such groans and sighs,
Were never seen, or heard, before ;
Nor man shall view the like anew,
Oh never, never, never more.

He saw us lost and tempest-tossed,
Without a star our course to guide ;
In sin's embrace, corrupt and base—
Our pitying Saviour wept and cried,
Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Who slayest the holy Prophets all,
And stonest them who strive to stem
Thy downward course, thy hastening fall.

I oft would call thy children all,
I would them to my bosom bring,
And shield them then, as does a hen
Her tender brood beneath her wing ;
Ye would not hear my call, tho' near ;
Ye would not own that I am He,
Who, from on high, came down to die
For guilty sinners on the tree.

Tho' sorrows pressed his loving breast
Throughout his pilgrimage below,
'Twas for his sheep he most did weep ;
He saw them scattered by the foe,
He viewed their flight and helpless plight
In wilds and deserts far away ;
He saw them bleed, and wolves, with greed
And ravenous slaughter, on them prey.

His sufferings prove his endless love
For guilty sinners such as we :
To die he came, despising shame,
To save and set his chosen free.
With anguish bruised and sweat suffused,
He cried in lone Gethsemane—
To death my soul is sorrowful ;
My Father, pass this cup from me.

No wonder tho' his sweat did flow
As bloody drops unto the ground :
The hour was nigh the Lamb must die,
And Justice held the Victim bound ;
With anguish bruised and sweat suffused,
To God did pray the Son of man--
Compassion show, avert the blow,
Yet not my will, but thine, be done.

Ye murderous brood who sought his blood,
Could ye his mighty wrestling see,
And hear his cries, his groans and sighs,
His poignant grief and agony ?

Ye could not hear, or see him near ;
For how could then high Heaven's decree
Be all fulfilled, as Heaven willed,
By Jesus' death upon the tree.

The Shepherd then, 'twixt God and men,
Displayed his mediatorial power ;
His flock he warned, but he returned
To watch and pray that dismal hour :
No wonder tho' his sweat did flow
As bloody drops from every pore :
In death's dark vale he must prevail,
Or we are lost forevermore.

His dying throes in whelming woes,
His lingering death, exposed to shame,
His Father's wrath that worlds would scath,
In whelming floods upon him came :
His mighty strength prevailed ; at length
Triumphant over all he rose ;
Appeased, by death, his Father's wrath ;
He vanquished hell, subdued his foes.

Amazing sight ! the Lord of might,
In manhood, suffering on the tree :
The sun withdrew, as loath to view
Such doleful spectacle as he.
From death's dark gloom, in sinners' room,
His Father's face he could not see ;
The Victim bled, in sinners' stead—
For sinners ! yes, for you and me !

The hosts of hell conspired to quell
The Victor's might, as low he lay ;
But now, in might and glory bright,
To hell's confusion and dismay,
Our saviour rose, and quelled his foes ;
The devils trembled in despair—
Our Saviour won, his work was done ;
For God in Christ was working there.

Now all who love the Lord above,
Whose souls have felt his saving power,
In holy fear to him draw near,
That he may blessings on us shower ;
He knows our needs, our cause he pleads
At God's right hand, exalted high ;
He bows his ear, in love, to hear
The frailest sinner's faintest cry.

BELOVED SION

O now, beloved Sion,
Arise to life and joy ;
Since came thy loving Saviour
No pain can thee annoy ;
Though once, for thy rebellion,
The Lord was wroth with thee,
He found for thee a ransom
Of all-sufficiency.

Thou aimlessly didst wander
On mounts of vanity ;
But he, with voice most tender,
Doth send to gather thee :
No child of thine shall waver,
Or shall forsaken be ;
The Lord, in loving favor,
Will save and set them free.

The tribes, by works of wonder,
From Egypt guided he ;
He broke their yoke asunder,
And gave them liberty ;
He gave, as he foretold, them
The holy promised land ;
And forth he drove, before them,
Their foes, with mighty hand.

Again they were debased,
For greatly they rebelled ;
So they, by heathen nations,
In slavery were held ;
Downtrodden and confounded,
They wallowed in their blood ;
By enemies surrounded,
Without a sure abode.

But glory be forever,
To God, who'll ne'er ignore
His promises of favor :
To Abraham he swore

His seed he would remember,
And multiply them more
Than stars, which none can number,
Than sand upon the shore.

Now, Sion, be awaking !
Glad news by thee is heard :
Behold the dawn is breaking—
For JAH JEHOVA'S Word
Declares thy glory nigh thee,
Bids gloom and grief be gone,
Calls all thy children by thee
To gather into one.

Oh ! then, beloved Sion,
The while it is to-day,
With pity cast thine eye on
The Tribes that are astray ;
Be faithful, loving, tender,
To God's elect ; with zeal
That those afar, who wander,
Our charity may feel.

So love, in them unceasing,
Shall lead them on their way ;
Their faithfulness increasing
In ardor, day by day,
Until a congregation
Unnumbered shall appear,
From every Tribe and nation,
To own God's favor near.

O Sion ! be revealing
Thy love to them, nor spare.
O hear their cry, appealing
For mercy everywhere ;
See many wolves assailing
The sheep, to tear and rend ;
Their hearts within them failing,
When dangers them attend.

Since thou hast found his favor,
Now let the same be shown ;
O speak of his salvation,
And make his favor known ;
O let thy supplication
Unto his throne ascend,
That, to his invitation,
Poor sinners may attend.

THE PILGRIM'S LAY

“ Dan an Fhin-Thurais.”

Oh, alas ! for my faring
In this desert despairing,
Under chastisement wearing,
On the way as I go :
My corruption appalling
Grieves my soul, when recalling
How in guilt I was falling
Down so lawlessly low.

When shall peace be my feeling,
Waiting twilight's revealing ;
And the Sun with his healing
O'er me beaming arise ?
O ! when shall I remain on
Pleasant pastures in Canaan,
Rest and comfort to gain on
Lands of varying rise ?

When will Jesus thus heed me,
Over Jordon to lead me,
In the garden to feed me,
There to heal every sore ?
When shall thirsting be quelled there
From the wine berries held there,
And this darkness dispelled there
Be remembered no more ?

When shall blessings increasing
Be my hunger appeasing,
And my knowledge increasing
In his wisdom and love ;
Milk and honey obtaining,
Strength and happiness gaining,
Life forever sustaining,
By the bread from above ?

Weary pilgrims, sojourning
In a desert so burning,
Strange not though they be mourning,
Fagged and worn on the way ;

Many evils befall them,
Many dangers appall them,
Wicked longings inthral them,
Bring a fall, and dismay.

Many pilgrims, when bearing
The fatigues of wayfaring,
Often fall to despairing
On their way to and fro :
Lead me, Lord, on right stages,
To the cleft Rock of Ages,
Whence the draught that assuages
Thirst, unsparing doth flow.

Dark the desert, and scowling,
Where the wild beasts are howling ;
For the souls they are prowling
That are found insecure.
Even paths to discover
Baffles all my endeavor ;
Here I stagger and waver,
Cheerless, ailing, and poor.

O forsake not thou, Lord, me ;
In this desert regard me,
Bread of angels afford me,
Freely falling like dew ;
Safely shelter from death, me,
Guard from storms' cruel breath me,
Ne'er forsake on the path me,
Safely carry me through.

Thou hast saved with thine hand me,
Brought from slavery's land me,
Freed from every band me,
That would command me a slave ;
Through the sea thou hast brought me
When Pharaoh, following, sought me ;
Ere his army had caught me
They were whelmed in the wave.

So let me be defended
And by mercy attended,
Till, my pilgrimage ended,
I ascend unto thee ;
Let my trusting be solely
In thy promises holy ;
Thou, the friend of the lowly,
Canst alone set me free.

I am restless and failing,
Like a vessel a-sailing
When the wild winds are wailing,
Far away from the shore ;
Mighty waves, me assailing,
Almost o'er me prevailing,
Often down in them, quailing,
Often raised on them o'er.

Like the winebibber, quaking,
Strength of mind me forsaking,
Ruthless billows me taking
In their sway to and fro :

Now the vessel is shaking,
Waves against her awaking ;
Now, in danger of breaking,
Down forever to go.

In my course persevering,
Though am fainting and fearing,
To my rescue and cheering,
Lord, come near unto me :
Storms and waves of the ocean
Then would cease their commotion ;
At thy rebuke they would pause then,
They would motionless be.

Thy protection and favor
Would assure me, dear Saviour,
That my soul need not waver,
Being ever secure ;
With thy face shining o'er me
Clouds would darken no more me,
Heaven's comforts before me
Would me glory assure.

Were my pathway to lead there,
I'd be happy indeed there ;
Bread of life would me feed there,
Biding peacefully home ;
Fountains flowing unceasing,
Ne'er in sweetness decreasing,
Than the honey more pleasing,
Drawn free from the comb.

There the balm the King uses
For the pilgrim's sore bruises
From the journey's abuses,
 Would renew me with strength ;
In his presence most holy,
Raised from wretchedness wholly,
In unspeakable glory,
 With his chosen at length.

As the dove, swiftly gliding
Let me flee to my hiding,
In the Saviour confiding
 As my guide and my stay :
Wolves around me are prowling,
Sly as hunters when fowling ;
They are greedily howling
 For devouring their prey.

Let me look unto Jesus
Who came down to release us,
Suffered death the most grievous,
 On the tree, for his own :
Heed his kind invitation,
Hear the Trump's proclamation,
Strive through all tribulation,
 For the Palm and the Crown.

ON SION

“Dan air maise Shioin.”

As winter is o'er with all its darkness,
Its snowy blasts and its gloom ;
As sunshine and rain, their sway, alternate,
And herbs their freshness, resume :
As blossoms diffuse their dewy essence,
Matured by heaven's bright rays,
And feathery songsters 'mong the branches
Prolong their gladdening lays,—

Now comes, as of yore, our souls' refreshing ;
Resolve and strength we obtain.
To shun and forego ungodly pleasures—
They all are transient and vain.
Oppression a pang no longer giving,
Our tongue is filling with praise,
While Sion's songs, among the living,
We strongly, thrillingly, raise.

With loving desire we eye the City,
The Tribes of Israel's fold,
Adorned as a bride, divinely furnished,
It shines as burnished gold ;
The City of beauty, New Jerusalem,
Pure from heaven, behold—
The City of royal form and measure,
Of joy and pleasure untold.

With rapture we see in themes of Prophets,
Bright scenes whereof they have sung,
Green mountains and meads, green trees and copses,
Where feed the flocks with their young ;
On ample and roomy blooming pastures,
Secure and happy, they bide
Where heavenly breezes cease shall never,
Where freely rivulets glide.

From every land his hand them gathers,
Where all were scattered and peeled ;
Acknowledged of Jesus, free and happy ;
Beneath his Banner and Shield
The powers are quelled that held them captive ;
Dispelled are darkness and gloom ;
Tho' scattered afar, his call they answer,
They all, with gladness, come home.

Sion deplored her woeful exile,
With groans and shedding of tears,—
My youths and my maids are taken captive,
No friend to rescue appears ;
When spoilers had seen my secret treasures,
They seized with pleasure their prey ;
My children are all to thralldom banished,
My joys have vanished away.

With grief I regard departed blessings ;
Though sought, they cannot be found ;
My people enjoyed their stores with gladness,
With joy and happiness crowned ;

But now am forlorn, am worn with sorrow,
Am torn with worry and care ;
My place was, to view, in beauty matchless,
But now 'tis empty and bare.

When echoed around the sound of battle,
O'erpowered my warriors fell ;
The depth of my pangs no tongues can utter,
Nor language publish or tell ;
From slaughter tho' aliens spared a remnant,
In chains and fetters they groan ;
No wonder tho' I retired in sadness,
My dire disasters to moan.

But Sion shall mourn no more in exile,
Nor lonely, destitute, be :
Her children, in thousand thousands, gather
Around her, happy and free ;
For Jesus doth call them all together,
Afar they never shall roam,
And all enlivened lyres shall celebrate
Sion's welcoming home.

The Shepherd is nigh : he wipes forever
All tears from every eye ;
His flock and their seed his lead shall follow,
They neither sorrow nor sigh ;
Forever at ease in Jesus' presence,
They feel no pressure or pain ;
'They never shall know a foe's aggression,
Or sore oppression again.

Grief never comes nigh ; the cry of sorrow
Arises from her no more,
When freshly the beauty blooms upon her
That's surely for her in store ;
Tho' bruised, her vines ne'er dry or wither ;
Beside the River they grow,
Whose stream, undefiled, glides and sallies ;
With wine her valleys shall flow.

And then shall the glory all be given
To God, by every tribe ;
To him they shall all, in holy concert,
Adoring honor ascribe :
No sickness or care, despair or sorrow,
Or pain can follow them here ;
The Lamb shall benignly shine upon them,
With smiling countenance near.

To Egypt's dark shore of sore oppression,
No more they wish to return :
In heaven are hoarded all their treasures,
Ungodly pleasures they spurn ;
With heavenly glory, wholly happy,
Their souls they satisfy may ;
They shall be with milk, and wine, and honey,
Supplied forever and aye.

O Sion ! of rarest, fairest, visage !
Thou stainless, innocent, one ;
As fair as the dawn of morning breaking,
And all as bright as the Sun ;

Thy beauty, tho' I should highly celebrate,
While I dwell in this clay,
I had of thy glory only given
A low and glimmering ray.

O Sion ! there's holy joy within thee :
Thy glory brilliantly beams ;
A pure, living fount thy ground refreshes,
Around incessantly streams ;
The terrors of war alarming, never
Shall mar thy pleasures again ;
The glory that Jesus freely gave thee,
In thee shall ever remain.

VOICE OF THE HARP

To us as Jesus reveals the promises,
His constant kindness revives and solaces ;
We're now desirous, the Bible leading us,
To follow nigh him, in blithe obedience.

CHORUS

*On Jesus' kindness relying trustingly,
We thrill in chorus our chords exultingly ;
With love inspiring our lyre when hallowed is,
It cheers our sojourn with joyous melodies.*

The streams that flow from his Word are nourishing,
Our youth renewing, in bloom so flourishing ;
They lead our mind to a higher altitude,
In loftier strains to declare our gratitude.

On Jesus' kindness, etc.

His secret shade, ever safe and sheltering,
Supplies the need of the weak and faltering,
Hath living springs that will bring us healthiness,
Delights dispensing, and cleansing filthiness.

On Jesus' kindness, etc.

His love is free, and his mercies numberless,
His yoke is easy, his burden cumberless ;
His voice, so cheering, so dear and hallowing,
His sheep will hear as they near are following.

On Jesus' kindness, etc.

He gives the Kingdom to them unmerited,
That they eternally may inherit it ;
He'll not forsake them where strangers harass them,
Nor out on cloudy, bleak mountains perishing.

On Jesus' kindness, etc.

Nor yet exposed where their foes might slaughter
them ;
Nor led by hirelings to blind and scatter them ;
Their Shepherd kind will be nigh for sheltering,
And will supply them with finest pasturing.

On Jesus' kindness, etc.

As wrath and envy had seized the Pharisees,
When Jesus' praises inflamed their jealousies,
With loud hosanna the young when welcomed him,
As their Messiah revealed himself to them.

On Jesus' kindness, etc.

That mind appeareth, by clear analogy,
In those who sneer at our cheering eulogy,
Adoring Jesus, our shield and surety,
Our hope of glory through all futurity.

On Jesus' kindness, etc.

Now, unashamed, we raise our melodies
In praise of Jesus who heals our maladies ;
Glad songs are sounded, aloud and willingly,
By harpers feeling his breathing thrillingly.

On Jesus' kindness, etc.

ON THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

"Air Lathaireachd Dhia."

As descendeth the rain from the skies,
And as shineth the sun on the plain,
Causing all vegetation to rise
To revive and to flourish amain,
So the Presence of God us consoles,
And from languor and loneliness brings ;
In his favor is life to our souls,
As the Psalmist melodiously sings.

Giving energy, boldness, and might,
In the Vineyard to labor alway ;
Use our Master's own talents aright,
Still awaiting the reckoning day ;
And by this will our drought disappear,
From the ground the green blade will ascend,
Which will grow, till the promising ear
Yields its portion of fruit in the end.

This will raise our affection above
All the world, with its shadows so vain,
Which will never a benefit prove,
Free from death, or deliver from pain ;
This will cause us our portion to prize,
Which, through grace, on our souls is bestowed:
O ! that the stream never weakens or dries,
Though dissolved be our earthly abode.

This renews and enlarges our hearts,
Fills our mouth with the praise of his power ;
Strength to souls that are faint it imparts,
As the dew to the midsummer flower ;
This will peace and rejoicing bestow
That will conquer all doubt and distress,
Giving speed like the fleetfooted roe,
As we joyfully run in the race.

Though our foe with his hosts should come nigh,
He the victory never shall gain ;
This is o'er us a banner on high,
In the conflict our strength to sustain ;

This from death will protection afford ;
It will onward to victory lead ;
We have favor and strength from the Lord
Of salvation and peace in our need.

From the treasures of cold, tho' there come
Howling tempests, with withering breath ;
Tho' the clouds gather o'er us in gloom
Intercepting the light from our path :
This will suddenly scatter their haze,
And their shadows shall quickly be gone ;
Then our souls with rejoicing and praise
Feel the rays of the glorious Sun.

Tho' our sojourning comes to an end,
And our souls shall be called to their home ;
Tho' the dust to its dust shall descend,
In the bondage of death, to the tomb ;
This will strengthen our hope as we leave,
That the promised support will be given ;
And that we shall our portion receive
In the happy communion of heaven.

Free from all the defilements of sin,
Free from fear and from sorrow, for aye ;
Free from every ill, that has been
Our annoyance and grief by the way :
When the soul shall depart from the clay
To the presence of God, it shall soar
To the brightest effulgence of day,
Which will cloudless remain evermore.

ON THE COMING OF THE JUDGE

"Dan air teachd a Bhreitheamh."

Of the Judge and his appearing,
On the clouds, is this relation ;
He will come ; the time is nearing
To subdue the whole creation ;
Comes the rightful Heir most martial,
To his vineyard, glory bearing ;
Perfect, final, and impartial,
Is the judgment he's declaring.

He will meet his foes in anger,
In his judgment stern, unbending ;
They will cry, but now no longer
Grace or mercy is attending ;
No escape from fated trouble ;
To their destiny he'll doom them ;
As the fire destroys the stubble
Shall his countenance consume them.

Those shall come before him, quaking,
Who his proffered grace rejected ;
Lying refuge them forsaking,
Now unaided, unprotected :
But his chosen shall not languish ;
They depend on him that's able
To deliver them from anguish,
In the time of Jacob's trouble.

Where shall stand the wicked scoffers ?
Those who loathe the name of Jesus,
Who refuse and scorn his offers,
Till the day of mercy ceases :
When, in final indignation,*
Storms are raging, floods descending,
How can stand the sand foundation
On which they have been depending ?

Often slighted invitation
Was proclaimed with faithful warning :
O, ye men, embrace salvation !
From your evil ways returning.
Means of grace there were to lead them
Unto Jesus' love endearing ;
But alas ! they would not heed them,
Nor believe their doom was nearing.

Now they find the world subverted,
Plague and sword and famine raging ;
Many lands shall be deserted
Ere distress shall be assuaging ;
Many forests shall be blasted,
Many dales, untilled, unseeded ;
Many heroes, fallen, worsted,
In the dust shall gasp unheeded.

Lowering clouds, in ceaseless motion,
By increasing storms are driven ;
By the tempest is the ocean
Into roaring surges riven ; •

Forth, throughout the lower creation,
Sounds a wail that is heartrending,
And that warneth every nation
Of the dreadful day that's pending.

What brings terror so unwonted
On a world so proud and daring?
Now, like deer on mountains hunted,
When exhausted and despairing—
Like a tree, in whirlwinds crashing—
Like a ship, in tempests sailing,
Waves about her raging, dashing;
Foaming breakers fast prevailing—

Are the signs of Armageddon
Now perceptibly unvailing?
Shall the field of carnage redden
Soon, with blood of mortals wailing?
There contending warlike forces,
Of the nations no one idle,
Shall be trampled, till the horses
Wade in blood unto the bridle.

Frightened nations, tho' combining
And uniting every faction,
Hand in hand so closely joining,
Shall not stay their dire destruction:
They the cup of wrath are draining;
From its bane there is no shrinking;
But the dregs that are remaining
Are for Sheshach to be drinking.

Those who were the world deceiving
Shall receive their doom alarming ;
Men who were their lies believing
Shall no longer heed their charming ;
Into torments God shall cast them,
There to trample them in fury ;
No enchantment, strength, or wisdom,
Can resist the King of Glory.

Babylon, tho' long she revelled,
Is no more from wrath defended :
Like a leaf that falleth shrivelled
Are her fame and beauty ended ;
She is stripped, in this commotion,
Of her glory, strength, and splendor ;
As a stone into the ocean
Cast, she falleth—sinketh under.

Wicked City ! how appalling,
Dread, and awful, is her ending !
Fire and brimstone on her falling,
Wrath withal on her descending :
Now she drinks, altho' unwilling,
Judgments, temporal and eternal,
From the cup that long was filling,
By her wickedness infernal.

Those, who of her wealth were reaping,
Stand aloof in consternation ;
View destruction o'er her sweeping,
Sorely weep her ruination—

O alas ! the pride of nations
Now must drain the cup of anger ;
Since she falls, our occupations
Bring our gain to us no longer.

O what power can be destroying
One whose glory seemed unfading,
One whose riches were employing
Nations all with lavish trading :
All that her admirers cherished,
She had furnished in abundance ;
But with all her wealth she perished,
Nor did merit their dependence.

But the Lord will soon deliver
His elect from tribulation :
He will beautify forever
His beloved with salvation ;
Sion, then, in bridal splendor,
Shall await her Lord's appearing,
Loving homage him to tender,
For she knows the Bridegroom's nearing.

Nevermore shall Sion wander
As an alien, sad and tearful ;
All her seed, with speed, attend her ;
Home they'll gather, glad and cheerful ;
Home, with Jesus, she shall never
Dread the perils of wayfaring ;
She will bide with him forever
In the Place he is preparing.

ODE

O may our near and faithful Friend,
Who watcheth kindly over us,
Refreshing, cheering blessings send ;
From ills defend ; recover us ;
Renew our strength and fervency,
Our chords as we are tightening,
To raise, in praise, our psalmody,
With ardor beaming, brightening.

To laud and praise our Saviour dear,
In Godly fear and holiness ;
In servant's form who did appear,
In true and peerless lowliness ;
That we, as he, might humbly go
To him alone concentrating ;
Till we are called from earth below,
Eternal glory entering.

We run the race with waiting eye,
On him rely unceasingly ;
And tho' our foe in ambush lie,
So slyly, wily, leasingly,
To gain his point, shall him defy
Altho' he try persistently ;
In fear, from him that's armed, he'll fly ;
He views him shyly, distantly.

The world our Saviour's grace declined ;
Their foolish mind was darkened ;
Nor to his voice their ear inclined,
Nor to his kindness hearkened

When he his embassy proclaimed ;
His vintage claiming rightfully ;
They him assaulted and defamed,
Denied his claim despitefully.

No sooner he appeared on earth,
Than men came forth opposed to him ;
No sooner rumored was his birth,
Than rose relentless foes to him :
Full well he knew that death, by those
Relentless foes, awaited him ;
That, with the spirit which arose
In Cain of old, they hated him.

'Twas not against his will he bore
Our sorrows, sorely, tearfully :
That doleful path he'll tread no more,
He'll come in glory, cheerfully ;
With heavenly hosts he shall appear :
The time is near and hastening,
To welcome home his children dear,
No more to fear his chastening ;

To banish those away, in wrath,
Who were on earth rejecting him ;
Despising both his word and worth,
And choosing death — neglecting him :
As were their works, their lot is cast,
Made fast without alternity ;
As they have sown, they'll reap, at last,
In endless, vast eternity.

[END OF THE TRANSLATIONS]

SPIRITUAL HYMNS

BY THE LATE GEORGE BEARS

MINISTERING ELDER

THE WRITER'S EXPERIENCE OF CON- VICTION AND CONVERSION

O thou blessed Redeemer !
Incline thine ear, I beseech thee,
While I tell of thy love to poor sinners,
Grant thy Spirit to teach me ;
And let the bright rays of thy presence
My understanding enlighten,
To swell the sweet anthems of praise,
While my heart is inditing.

O how sweet and consoling
To my soul ; like a rivulet streaming
Is the stream of thy love, ever flowing
Free ; O free and redeeming :—
While the beautiful prospect unfolds
Thee, a star, ever shining before me ;
Like the magnet, attracting my soul
To the regions of glory.

Oh ! how sweet the remembrance
Of thy mercy, O thou my beloved !
When thy voice told my soul the dread sentence
Of death was removed ;
Lo ! while time and eternity rolls,
May thy triumph of love be engraved ;
Let the beautiful seal on my soul
Be my witness 'tis saved.

N- Long I heedlessly wandered
In the road leading down to destruction ;
Without light to discover the danger,
By my own heart's corruption ;
Sunk under the power of sin,
Down in the dominion of Satan,
Bound under his powerful reign
Low in sin and transgression.

O how great were my sorrows,
When the trumpet my soul did awaken ;
Lo ! the Law pierc'd my heart with its terrors,
And my body was shaken ;
My joys were all turned to mourning,
My singing to weeping and wailing ;
Ah ! my soul saw its terrible doom,
Death ! dread sentence appalling.

Sharp, the pangs of conviction,
Like arrows, were painfully piercing,
And the heartrending waves of affliction,
O how deeply distressing !

For, oh ! the dread terrors of death : then
Took hold on me in my anguish,
Like a foretaste of hell, were my pains,
When in sorrow I languish'd.

Loud the voice of Jehovah
Like the thunder of Sinai once pealed,
So that dark gloomy cloud did me cover,
Then the foe me assailed ;
Breaking waves of affliction o'erwhelm'd me,
Then down, O down I was reeling,
Stern justice ! my soul, how heartrending
All thy guilt was revealed.

Floods of wrath, so avenging,
O, how could I ever endure it,
My mind fain would yield in repentance,
But my heart still refused :
So parched and painfully dried,
All moisture and tears were suppressed,
Lord Jesus ! O save me, I cried,
From my soul's deep distresses.

There in heart-rending terror,
With the sentence of death hanging o'er me,
He heard me and pitied my sorrows,
Then he sought and restored me ;
And turned my sadness and mourning
To songs of rejoicing and gladness ;
His face, like the light of the morn
Shone with beautiful radiance.

Quick the joys of salvation,
With raptures my bosom then filled ;
The Spirit's sweet consolation,
Pour'd so powerful and thrilling ;
'Twas the baptismal flow of his love,
Through my gladdened heart, freely show'ring
All my fears and afflictions removed,
Tears of gratitude pouring.

Oh ! how peacefully, Jesus,
Those seas of affliction had stilled ;
His voice ! O how loving and precious,
Like pure ointment, so healing ;
Then, peace ! like a river was flowing ;
The light of His presence bright shining,
His love flowing sweet through my soul
On His bosom reclining.

Now my changed condition
No tongue can convey by expression,
But my heart ever bears the impression
That will ne'er be forgotten ;
Oft I think of the terrible stroke
That the stony heart broke into shivers,
And the earth how it trembled and shook,
Tears ran streaming like rivers.

O my dear loving Saviour !
Can I ever sufficiently praise thee
For thy loving kindness and favor ?
Lo ! from death thou hast rais'd me ;

My wounded heart thou hast healed,
And all my sins hast forgiven,
And my soul, by thy grace, reconciled
To our Father in Heaven.

Now my High Priest and Saviour
Let me bring my oblations before thee,
O accept my poor humble endeavors
When I praise and adore thee ;
Who freely my soul hast redeemed,
My wounds so effectually healed,
With thy blood, thou hast washed me clean,
And my pardon hath sealed.

Cheering bright revelation
Now opens the prospect before me,
Pointing homewards, (in anticipation)
To the regions of glory ;
O the promise and hope of a blessed
Pure immortality glorious,
Home in heaven forever with Jesus
Where He reigneth victorious.

Ah ! but sinful corruptions,
Alas ! now are often prevailing ;
The flesh with its lusts and affections
Causes weakness and failings ;
Yet Jesus the Saviour remaineth,
E'er pleading in glorious perfection,
To save from the warfare of sin
By His sure intercession.

Glorious source of salvation !
'Tis shown by thy power and wisdom,
Thou art raising the fallen creation
To thy glory and kingdom ;
When darkness and death were around us
Thy brightness the gloom penetrated,
And the triumph of love thou hast shown,
In the plan of salvation.

O thou blessed Redeemer !
Still thy goodness is free and unbounded,
And while heaven and earth shall continue,
Let thy praises be sounded,
In one sweet and melodious song,
By peoples, and kindreds, and nations,
For the wonderful love thou hast shown
To the ruin'd Creation.

And vouchsafe Blessed Jesus
To incline thine ear I beseech thee,
When my spirit is prayerfully raised
For thy service, O teach me ;
And when I have finish'd my course,
And this dwelling of clay is dissolved,
Let me soar unto thee, in thy courts,
To adore my beloved.

There with pure adoration
To chant thy praises most sweetly,
In glorious eternal duration
Perfected completely :

With the ransom'd, the Lamb glorifying
Who came from on high, to deliver
Our souls from transgression and sin,
And redeem'd us forever.

Then my friends and dear brethren
Fight on, lo! the prize is before us,
The conqueror's banner is waving
Over Zion, most glorious ;
And Christ is exalted above,
Ever ruling, protecting, defending,
Till we all are made perfect in love,
And in joys never ending.

THE WRITER'S EXPERIENCE FOR ABOUT FORTY YEARS AFTER CONVERSION

AIR—*The Gum-tree Canoe.*

Oh! Lord in thy presence my soul takes delight,
Thy count'nance refreshes, 'tis cheering and bright,
So sweet and consoling, so peaceful and free,
Yea so lovely, O Lord, to attract me to thee.

When thy wonderful doings, O Lord, I survey ;
By thy wisdom's design, and thy powerful display
In the works of creation, by the skill of thine hand ;
Revealing its beauty, an object, to man.

Still in midst of reflection on works so sublime,
Frail humanity weakens, and shadows the mind ;
So to tell all the wonders, O Lord, thou hast done,
Is beyond my expression by language or song.

But 'tis sweet, to reflect on the wonderful plan
Reveal'd by the Spirit in visions to man ;
All perfect in beauty so lovely to see,
When the free inspiration is flowing from thee.

O 'tis sweet, blessed Jesus ! to lean on thy breast,
'Tis an arbor of peace. Lo ! my haven of rest,
Where safe from temptations and sorrows I flee
To thy bosom, O blessed Redeemer to thee.

When in seasons of trial, and ready to faint,
O how sweet to my soul is communion with saints ;
To strengthen my faith in thy promise, I flee
To my city of refuge, Lord Jesus, to thee.

When the waves of affliction encompass me round,
O how sweet is thy voice, and how joyful it sounds
So calming and peaceful, my soul it doth cheer
To hear my beloved say, lo ! I am here.

And how beauteous, O Lord, is thy face to behold,
Reflecting thy image so bright on my soul,
'Tis the magnet that ever attracts me above
To feast with thee, free, at the banquet of love.

O the wonders the plan of salvation revealed !
Yea, what comfort and joy in my soul it instill'd
When the comforter flow'd from thy bosom above,
To seal on my soul the sweet token of love.

O Lord Jesus, I pray thee, look down and behold,
And accept my oblations, the gift of my soul,
With thankfulness offer'd in heartgiving strains
Unto thee, my Redeemer, in praise to thy name.

O the bright revelation that shows from above,
The plan of salvation made perfect by love,
Infinite, unchangeable, boundless and free,
In the sweet application, Lord Jesus, by thee.

Then, O Lord, let me ever sing praise to thy name,
'Tis thine own holy breathing will kindle the flame
Of love in my bosom, while feasting so free
At the banquet of love, blessed Jesus, with thee.

And when I come humbly my homage to pay,
Let thine own skilful fingers the instrument play,
When my spirit aspires to thy dwellings above,
Where the song ever flows in perfection and love.

O how bright, yea, how pleasant and lovely to see,
The light of thy countenance shining so free,
When the pure living breezes of life thou didst blow
On thy beautiful garden where spices do flow.

When in beautiful vision those joys I behold,
Cheering anticipation enraptures my soul,
In the kingdom of glory forever to be
With all the redeem'd, blessed Jesus, with thee.

Where the beautiful choruses ever will sound
From the ransomed millions assembl'd around,
All under the banner that's waving above,
In unity praising the triumph of love.

Where the Saviour will lead us to pure living springs
To the well of salvation that centres in him,
And runs like a river, abundant and free,
'Tis life, life eternal, Lord, flowing from thee.

Yea, a stream ever flowing so sweet to console,
Refreshing and healing it flows to the soul
From Him who is worthy to open the seals
Of the Book that eternal salvation reveals.

Those joys lay before us; then quickly arise.
He calls us, dear brethren, to run for the prize;
Behold Him in heaven presenting the crown,
And unto the faithful those joys shall abound.

Swiftly years are revolving our short lotted span,
Few days full of trouble are destined to man;
But life, life eternal, awaits us above,
In regions that open and widen in love.

Then lead us, O Lord, by the smiles of thy face
The light of thy presence and strength of thy grace,
As the star led to Bethlehem lead us above,
And bind us to thee with the cords of thy love.

For Thou art our comfort, our joy and delight,
The strength of our souls and the source of our life
Our hope of salvation and happiness free,
And love and perfection, all centres in thee.

Then, blessed Redeemer ! continue to cheer,
Protect and console us while travelling here,
Till the summons shall come and our souls shall be
freed
To dwell in eternal duration with Thee.

CONSOLATION AND ASSURANCE IN JESUS CHRIST

AIR.—*The Dark-eyed Sailor.*

Lovely ! O Lord, is my meditation,
That soars to mansions where all will meet,
With songs resounding in lovely sweet
Swelling adoration ;
Flowing ever free, joyfully,
In strains of love complete.

Rise, O my soul, mount with pure ambition,
And soar aloft like the eagle's flight
On wings of faith, to behold the sight,
 Lord, by thy permission ;
 Rise with courage bold, O my soul
And with the choir unite.

Yea, give me freedom, O blessed Saviour ;
To join that sweet and untiring strain,
With ransom'd millions to praise thy name
 With the song forever
 Worthy is the Lamb, blessed name :—
The Lamb for sinners slain.

How cheering bright were their heav'nly visions ;
When loud and joyful the minstrels sang
Their joyful strain : when they saw the plan
 Of unerring wisdom
 Shining in our bright Radiator,
God's anointed Son.

O wondrous plan ! glorious revelation,
That shows so clearly the grand design
Of man's salvation, by love divine
 Through the Mediator,
 Who suffer'd death in pain, rose to reign ;
And in his glory shine.

Then, let me offer my heart's oblation,
And with the ransom'd thy name adore,
Endow my soul with thy Spirit's pure

Holy aspirations,
To bring my willing lay, Lord, to thee,
Where Mercy still endures.

And Saviour dear while my heart's inditing,
Shine through the shadows of nature's gloom ;
O stay my ardor where Wisdom bounds,
While my hand is writing,
Only to repeat whispers sweet
From thine own breath alone.

'Tis sad ; but O, 'tis a pure remembrance
Of Jesus' suff'rings on Calvary ;
Sinners, O ! sinners ; for you and me,
See our dear Redeemer
Bleeding on the tree ; dying free
Our debt in full to pay.

O let each heart thrill with deep emotion,
When our Redeemer such love could show ;
Who, when deep sorrows there pierc'd his soul,
Cried in pure devotion,
Lovely and divine, so resign'd,
Father, "thy will be done."

Lo ! on the ground sorrowfully sleeping
Lay all, surrounded with dark'ning gloom ;
There in deep anguish he bowed down
Low in pray'r and weeping ;
Suffering, O see, painfully,
And sorrowing all alone.

Oh ! who will stand now and bear him witness,
And tell his suff'rings in Kedron's stream
Sinners ! O sinners, draw near and see
All those deep afflictions,
Prophets long of old, often told
Of dark Gethsemane

The seers beheld it in heavenly vision,
And told before hand the thrilling tale
Of all His woes in that gloomy vale ;
Where in dire affliction
Humbly bowing down, lo ! the Son
Did free to justice yield.

Lo ! there behold the wild tumult swelling
When for his blood madd'ning voices cried,
The blood of Jesus the Lamb who died
For our souls so willing,
Willingly, O see, flowing free
From feet and hands and side.

Ah ! that shrill cry, O how piercing thrilling !
When Pilate wash'd his unhallow'd hands,
Say'ng, let his blood upon us remain,
Yea, and on our children,
Venomous their cry, crucify Him,
Crucify the Lamb.

And when the sentence His fate decided,
Malignant foes all exulting cry
With reeking venom and enmity,

Mocking and deriding :

Crown'd with piercing thorns, bleeding, torn,
They lead the Lamb to die.

Oh boundless love to the vast creation !

Behold the Father's anointed Son

Nail'd to the cross to avert our doom

And insure salvation :

Willingly he bare suff'rings there,
And died in sinners room.

By love impell'd, lo ! for man's transgressions

He died triumphant upon the tree,

To reconcile us, and set us free

By His intercession ;

To His dying pray'r, offer'd there,
My soul can witness be.

O sinners, hear your dear Saviour crying,

Let love allure you to come, and see

The suff'ring sacrifice on the tree ;

Bleeding, groaning, dying ;

Boundless is the love Jesus prov'd,
Sinners, for you and me.

Those painful cries, Ah ! how penetrating,

When in the billows of Death's cold flood

He cried heart-rending, My God, my God ;

Why am I forsaken ?

Vinegar and gall, finish'd all,
When Christ on Calvary died.

torn,
Ah ! turn, mine eyes ; 'tis thy dying Saviour !
O stand not gazing in silence there,
Break, stubborn heart, let thy grateful tears
Gush like flowing rivers
From my weeping eyes. lo ! He dies.
My soul, thy woes to bear.

ns
See nature shrouded, with gloom and mourning,
The sun refusing his bright'ning rays,
When the Redeemer our ransom paid,
By his blood atoning,
Gloomy was the day, Jesus paid
Our debt on Calvary.

How shrill the voice was that told the triumph
Of love on that great eventful day ;
Ah trembling world, 'tis the warning cry
Of the conquering Lion :
See it shakes the ground, Death, bow down
And cast your sting away.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE BY CHRIST

PART SECOND

Oh ! blessed promise of free salvation
Reveal'd in Jesus, whose triumph brought
Eternal life from on high, and bought
Our emancipation,
Paid the Law's full claim ; broke our chains
And full redemption wrought.

And now, O Death ! say, Where is thy triumph?
The sinner's freed from the Law's dread claim
'Tis finish'd now, and the victory's gain'd
By our Saviour dying
On the fatal tree, painfully
To end thy cruel reign.

'Tis finish'd. Now see the Lamb victorious,
Who paid our ransom so painfully,
And Death and Hell by his pow'r defied,
When in triumph glorious
On the trial field, He prevail'd
And justice satisfied.

Shout loud, the Lamb over Death hath triumph'd
By bleeding, dying on Calvary
The crown is won, lo ! the Victor see
Judah's conquering Lion,
Opening the seals. And reveals
His love to sinners free.

O ! greedy grave, stay thy dire destruction ;
Thy bars of iron His pow'r must own :
Behold that holy anointed One
Shall not see corruption :
Sing ye ransom'd sing, Christ your king
Now lives to wear the crown.

Hark ! the glad sound, lo ! the blessed Saviour
Hath burst asunder the silent tomb,
Infinite brightness, dispell'd the gloom

Of the Grave forever ;
Opening the way, to endless day,
To lead the ransom'd home.

Glorious, Immortal, behold ascending
The risen Saviour, to mansions high,
To lead our souls in the open'd way
By his grace defending ;
Bright his face unfold, to our souls
To chase our fears away.

Oh ! conqu'ring Love, lo ! thy mighty triumph
Hath heal'd the poison of Death's dread sting,
That ransom'd millions may ever sing
On the heights of Zion
Swelling anthems free ; unto thee
Our conqu'ring martyr King.

O the glad song, lovely and amazing
'Tis ever sweet, yea, and ever new ;
The song that none but the ransom'd know,
'Tis the spirit breathing
Living sweet and free minstrelsy
That shall forever flow.

And now the ransom'd enraptur'd millions
Their golden harps sweetly tune to Thee,
With choruses sounding joyfully,
And sweet anthems swelling ;
Glory to the Lamb who overcame
By's death on Calvary.

Then, O my soul, still adore and wonder,
While meditating a theme so sweet ;
When all the ransom'd in glory meet
 Ne'er to part asunder ;
 Haste the welcome day, Lord we pray,
When ' Love ' will will reign complete.

Roll on, thou sweet flowing meditation
To cheer our souls on their homeward way,
While hope still brightens with shining rays
 Of anticipation ;
 Pointing to the crown, thou hast won,
That still before us lays.

And while our time is so quickly rolling ;
Like a swift arrow our fleeting years ;
Be ever nigh us to guide and cheer,
 By thy light unfolding
 Bountiful and free, Lord we pray,
Our homeward way to cheer.

Then, freely flow, sweet anticipation ;
On faith's strong pinions, my soul, arise ;
While nearer, nearer we see the prize
 Sweet's the meditation,
 Ever more to reign, with the Lamb
Who died on Calvary.

THE GOSPEL CALL

O Zion, lovely Zion !
Lift up thy cheerful voice,
And shout aloud with triumph,
Sing praises and rejoice ;
Messiah comes with trumpet sound,
To chase away your fears ;
And call the heirs of promise home
To wipe away their tears.

Awake, arise Jerusalem,
The ancient prophet cried ;
Gird on thy beauteous garments
Lovely affianced Bride ;
Behold the Bridegroom, Lo ! he comes
With Love's alluring voice ;
Oh ! daughter of Jerusalem
Now let your heart rejoice.

Behold the royal standard
On Zion's holy hill !
There, sweetly waves the banner
By flowing breezes still ;
See Israel's armies gathering round
In bright and joyful bands ;
The Gospel calls, the trumpet sounds
Good news to every land.

There is no need of money,
Immanuel's fruitful land
Flows sweet with milk and honey,
And in abundance found ;

The bread of life, to strengthen man,
That land of promise bears ;
And flowing wine, from the true vine,
The maiden's heart to cheer.

His voice doth shake the prison,
Dispel its dark'ning gloom :
Since Jesus has arisen
And burst the guarded tomb ;
Lo ! now he comes to break the chains
And loose the captive's bands
The cov'nant pardon to proclaim
To the seed of Abraham.

His voice is soft and healing,
To every broken heart ;
By tenderness, revealing
His love to ease the smart :
With healing hand, so softly, He
Applies the soothing balm ;
He stills the troubled stormy sea.
Into a peaceful calm.

Then come ye broken-hearted,
The Gospel Herald calls :
Behold Him ! high exalted,
Who suffer'd death for all :
Now come ye halt, ye blind and lame.
The message is to you ;
Haste to the marriage of the lamb.
He calls the ransom'd few.

Behold ! He calls the nations
From earth's remotest bounds.
The Gospel tells salvation
In Jesus Christ is found ;
Now let the prisoners of hope
Rejoice the anointed calls
With trumpet sound, the scatter'd sheep :
He knows, and names them all.

The blessings of salvation
He freely offers now,
With flowing invitation,
To the Gentile and the Jew,
Then let them to the fountain fly
Where love and grace abound ;
Now sinners turn, why will ye die ?
The way of life is found.

Christ is the living fountain
Whence living waters flow ;
In Zion's holy mountain
Where all the thirsty go :
Jesus, thou well of Bethlehem,
Now make thy scatter'd sheep
To hear thy voice, and hasten home.
No more to mourn and weep.

Thou art the well, dear Saviour !
Where all may drink their fill.
'Tis flowing free forever
Eternal life to instil ;



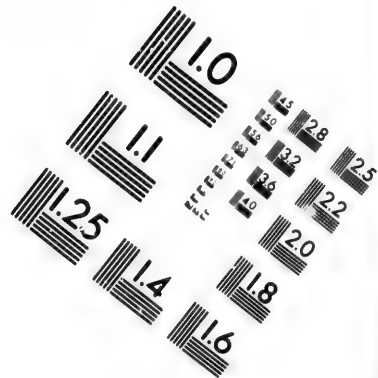
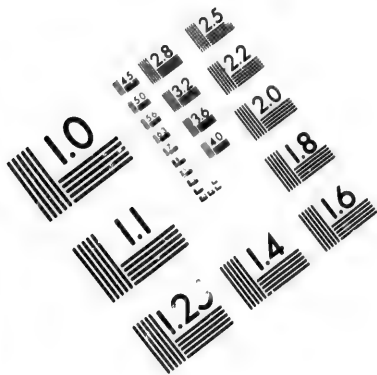
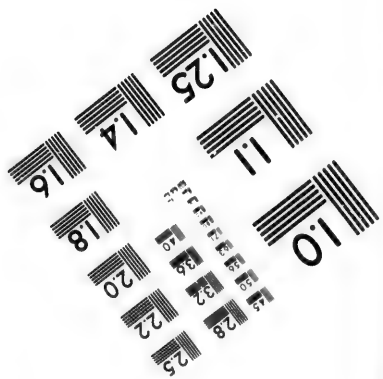
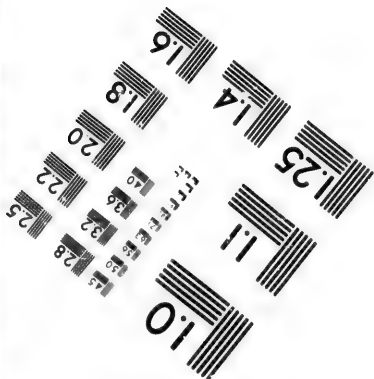
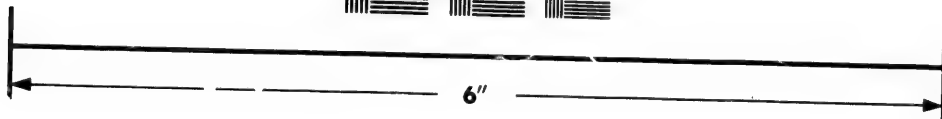
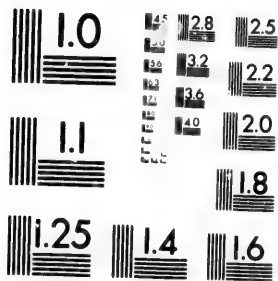


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Thou surely hast the hungry bid,
And thirsty, to the well
Where all may eat the living bread,
And ever drink their fill.

O Lord, thou art the arbor
And haven of our rest !
There, flows the sealing pardon,
When leaning on thy breast ;
Where, (sweeter than the honey-comb,)
Thy love is flowing free
To allure thy wand'ring exiles home
Thy smiling face to see.

Then hear the trumpet sounding,
Lo ! 'tis the Gospel call
To bring his sheep around Him
Who died to save them all,
From North and South, from East and West
The gath'ring armies come,
Their names are in the cov'nant bless'd
The Gospel calls them home.

The voice of the Beloved,
Behold him now reveal'd
Leaping upon the mountains
And skipping on the hills ;
His voice is soft and healing
And tells good news to all,
Lo ! from his lovely dwelling
The Shepherd's voice doth call.

Saying, my love, my fair one,
Arise, and come away ;
The rain is o'er, the winter's gone,
Behold the sunny rays
Of genial spring, with flow'ry dress,
And bright winged songsters raise
Their warbling lays in choruses
Among the blooming trees.

Now a lov'lier note is sounding,
Lo ! 'tis the turtle's voice
Comforting and consoling,
With cheering, thrilling joys ;
Lo ! now the Saviour calls you home,
O hear the Bridegroom say,
Awake, arise, Jerusalem
My fair one, come away.

Those joys that lay before us,
The prophets long foretold,
And sang their lays in chorus
As ages onward roll'd :
But Jesus pav'd and led the way,
And sent the message round
To call the sheep that went astray ;
From earth's remotest bounds.

Then hear the gladd'ning message
That ran through ages all ;
Now, 'tis the Lord's embassy,
The Gospel's final call ;

Salvation now is offer'd free
To Abra'am's promis'd race.
Redeeming love, O Lord, by thee ;
And saving faith and grace.

Now hear the Gospel trumpet
The tidings loud proclaim !
Messiah's day is coming
Behold he comes to reign !
The angel told his birth before
To shepherds on the plain,
And th' heav'nly host His name ador'd
With loud and joyful strain.

Then Zion, lovely Zion !
Lift up your voice and sing
The praise of Judah's Lion,
The Lamb for sinners slain !
Messiah comes, behold he comes,
And ev'ry eye shall see
Him, when He comes with vict'ry crown'd
To reign triumphantly.

Then, while we wait th' appearing
Of Christ, our sovereign Lord ;
O let us love and fear him,
And his great name adore ;
Strong in his grace with patience wait
Until he comes to make
Zion to shine with heav'nly light
And from her slumbers wake.

Yea, let the ransom'd nations
 That's in the cov'nant seal'd,
 Wait and endure with patience
 Until the Lord reveals
 His smiling face in blissful peace ;
 The promise given to all ;
 And hear him say, now come away,
 Obey the Gospel call.

COMMUNION HYMN

AIR—*How thankful to know, &c.*

As years are revolving around in succession,
 And time is fast running, to finish our days ;
 Oft the mind is arrested with solemn impression
 That warns us our time is fast passing away ;
 Then may we remember, our willing submission
 Is due to the Lord, to obey his commands ;
 So when we are call'd, we may have in possession
 That blessed assurance the trial to stand.

O let us remember the law that is written,
 Though deep and impressive, the words are but few ;
 The duty of man is to bow in submission ;
 Fear God, and obey him, is all that is due ;
 Yea let us remember in every transaction
 Our offerings to him must be willing and free ;
 Lo ! Jesus the Saviour, gave full satisfaction
 When he bow'd to the will of his God and obey'd.

Then let us obey what the Saviour has told us,
(O hear his sweet voice from his dwelling above,)
To come and obey the dear Saviour that suffered,
And join in a holy communion of love ;
Lo ! this is the day he hath made and appointed,
To come to the chamber where life ever flows,
Where the pure living breath, of God's holy anointed,
Will breathe on his mother, his sister, his spouse.

Lo ! this is the day of our holy communion !
The day of remembrance by Jesus' command
Oh may we experience that heavenly union
That flows from the bosom of Jesus the Lamb ;
Love, ever flow'd freely, and ever is flowing,
Till all the redeem'd are in unity bound,
'Tis the voice of the bridegroom who ever is wooing
The joy set before him, his Glory and Crown.

Yea, this is the day our dear Saviour commanded
To bear in remembrance his suffering day ;
Lo ! he paid on the cross, all stern justice demanded,
When he came and for sinners on Calvary bled ;
To remember the goodness and love of Jehovah,
Made known and revealed in the suffering Lamb,
When he suffered and died on the cross to recover
Our souls from our dread in death's terrible reign.

Remembrance is due to the blessed Redeemer,
And grateful submission, his will to obey ;
For Oh ! it is meet, yea, 'tis sweet to remember
His pains and his sorrows our ransom to pay ;

O, wake our desires, that our heartfelt thanksgiving
 When offer'd, may meet with acceptance with thee ;
 That our souls may eat freely, the bread that is living
 While sitting in holy communion to-day.

Oh ! thy wonderful love 'tis a sweet meditation,
 When our minds are absorbed in a free mental strain;
 We behold, in amazement, the plan of salvation
 Made perfect in Jesus, through sufferings for man ;
 O let us remember our Saviour has told us
 To bear in remembrance his sorrows and pain,
 Till that same blessed Jesus, who ever beholds us,
 Will come, that his saints may all see him again.

When we call to remembrance his cries in the garden
 On that night of his sorrows in Kedron's dark vale :
 Oh ! the suff'ring of Jesus, to purchase our pardon
 Let ev'ry heart thrill with the sorrowful tale :
 Oh ! the weight of the sufferings of the blessed Saviour,
 'Tis past our conception, the love he unfolds,
 When the sweat, as blood dropping, with heartrending
 pressure,
 Then wrung the dear Saviour's pure sorrowful soul.

O blessed Redeemer ! thy love is amazing !
 The sweet meditation our bosoms doth swell,
 Soon, all the redeem'd will unite in thy praises,
 All join the sweet anthems where love is reveal'd ;
 Yea 'tis sweet to reflect on thy humiliation
 When yielding thy Father's command to obey,
 By willing submission, Oh sweet consolation,
 The case was decided in Gethsemane.

Now stamp on our hearts with a lasting impression,
The pattern that's shown us, dear Saviour by thee ;
To yield our obedience in willing submission,
In flowing and living communion to-day ;
'Tis the day thou hast set for a blessed memorial
Of that sorrowful day of thy heartrending pain
Those pains that have pay'd the saint's pathway to glory
Where all, in one endless communion, will reign.

O this is the day of our sweet consolation !
A day of memorial, the day thou hast made ;
The day thou hast blessed, the day of salvation,
A day of rejoicing, a day to give praise ;
The day when the saints join in holy communion
An earnest of heavenly joys will unfold ;
When thy Spirit, (the bond of that life-giving union,)
From vessel to vessel will flow in our souls.

Yea, this is the day of sweet commemoration,
Of the day our Redeemer on Calvary hung,
Of the day that he pray'd for poor sinners' salvation,
The day the dear Saviour the victory won :
As the Angel pass'd over the covenant nations,
When the enemy bound them in slavery's chains ;
So the covenant Angel is granting salvation,
By the blood of the Lamb of our passover slain.

The Lord is our watchman, our blessed Redeemer,
Our Shepherd and Saviour in every age ;
He is the beginning and also the ending,
The first, and the last, who the ransom did pay :

The typical lamb in all ages was offer'd,
The lamb by the Patriarch Abraham slain ;
The lamb slain in Egypt, see Isra'l's passover,
That yearly memorial, their freedom proclaim'd.

Our Fathers of old, in their yearly communion,
All ate of the lamb of the passover slain,
That kept in remembrance the covenant union,
That unto the heirs of the promise pertains :
Till the Saviour appear'd, O the bright revelation !
The Lamb of the covenant, seal'd in the plan ;
The Lamb that on Calvary won our salvation,
Whose flesh and whose blood are now given to man.

When Jesus the Saviour the supper had ended,
The typical passover finished then,
The lamb without blemish, that Moses commanded,
E'er kept them in mind of their bondage and chains:
The blood of the lamb on their dwellings was sprinkled,
And the Angel pass'd o'er at the sight of the blood;
Now let us remember our souls are redeemed,
And sav'd by the blood of the dear Lamb of God.

Then let us assemble with sweet meditation,
And think of the freedom that Jesus hath wrought;
When our souls were in bondage and slaves unto Satan,
He gave us redemption by sprinkling of blood ;
Remember he finish'd the paschal observance,
And gave his disciples the bread and the wine,
To show us his death, and keep up the remembrance
Until he appears in his glory divine.

The loaves that were bless'd by the Saviour and broken,
And freely bestow'd by the Saviour's command ;
The beautiful figure the Gospel now opens ;
The body, see, broken ; 'tis Israel's bands :
They were broken and given, as bread, to the nations;
Cast out and dispersed in every land
That the Gentiles may eat the true bread of salvation
Till the severed branches are graff'd in again.

And O how delightful, and blessed, the message !
Lo ! Christ is in heaven, the true living bread ;
Who hath given to men the unsealed embassy
To reconcile members again to their Head :
Now gather the fragments, lo Jesus must save them,
The crumbs are all blessed, let nothing be lost,
They were given to him, the last day he will raise them
And fill the twelve baskets, 'tis Israel's hosts.

And thus, we discern in the holy communion
The gathering nations uniting in one,
By spiritual life ; in one circumscribed union,
The body to form, see the valley of bones !
The bones by the sinews are banded together,
Till the whole is complete for the spiritual breath,
The life that flows freely from Jesus the Saviour,
The first resurrection from prison and death.

O let us remember the strength of salvation
All centres in Jesus's body and blood ;
Now come to the Supper, 'tis Christ's invitation,
Obey, lo, it is the commandment of God !

Eat freely, O friends, 'tis the feast of the Saviour
Remember, the soul must have spiritual food ;
Now drink, drink abundantly, O thou beloved ;
It flows from life's fountain, 'tis life-giving blood.

The bread and the wine thus presented before us,
A wondrous resemblance of suffering shows ;
Those symbols are nearest this earth doth afford us,
The bread that is broken, the red wine that flows :
They show all the marks of the suffering Saviour,
The wounds on his body, the streams of his blood,
Which proves to the sinner his grace floweth ever,
To strengthen the weary with spiritual food.

Then come to the banquet of love, all ye living,
Lo ! this is the banquet the prophets foretold ;
Come all, and eat freely, to eat is believing,
Lo ! faith is the substance to 'stablish the soul :
The milk, wine and honey are free and abundant,
O, it ever flows free without money or price.
'Tis the blood that is life, flowing free from the fountain,
Lo ! Jesus the Saviour's the Fountain of Life.

The hungry and thirsty are kindly invited,
'Tis the lovely Redeemer that gives them the call ;
The word of our Saviour already is plighted,
To sit at the table and sup with us all ;
'Tis a lovely assembly, the saints in communion,
Surrounding the table, united in love
By one spiritual flow, in one baptismal union,
His promise, the Comforter sent from above.

O blessed enjoyment, so sweet and consoling,
It softens our pathway through sorrows and cares,
When the Spirit, our witness, thy love is unfolding,
To the weary and fainting the way he prepares ;
Oh, the race hath been run by our Captain before us,
For the joy set before him, his Glory the prize !
And millions are tuning their harps to the chorus,
In sweet halleluiahs of praises on high.

Then, O my dear brethren, let's keep in remembrance
The day that is hallowed by him that's above ;
The symbols before us are but the resemblance,
The feast of the soul's from the Fountain of Love :
O may the sweet breathing of Jesus the Saviour
Be wafted from heaven with savory perfume,
'Tis the love that came down that's ascending forever,
When Israel's sweet singer our hearts doth atune.

And though years are revolving and time's ever rolling,
And our days swiftly running, like sand in the glass;
Thou, Lord, art the same, by thy wisdom controlling,
Till Death, the dread enemy's vanquished at last ;
Still reigning and bringing the plan to perfection,
Till all the redeemed with delight will behold
The body complete, in one blest resurrection,
Array'd in thy righteousness, brighter than gold.

Yea, Lord, thou art sending the life-giving token,
The earnest of glory, 'tis heaven's bright seal,
Uniting together the tribes that were broken,
In membership, until the whole are reveal'd :

Till the numberless hosts, the full purchas'd pos-
session,

In one holy communion will ever abide,

Where the Bridegroom will freely bestow the full
blessing

On lovely Jerus'lem, his heaven-born Bride.

A HYMN

AIR—Hark! listen to the trumpets, &c.

O Lord, thy treasures now unfold,

And do thou freely pour

A living flow into our souls,

Thy Spirit's quick'ning power,

That will our souls inspire to raise

With free and lively cheer,

A song of love and willing praise

To thee, our Saviour dear.

Oh! let thy blessings freely flow

From love's delightful spring,

Thy fragrant breath, now softly blow

To inspire our souls to sing;

For Oh! the Dead can never raise

That sweet melodious song

The song of the Redeemer's praise,

While in the silent tomb.

Reveal, Oh Lord thy lovely face,
With heavenly radiance bright,
To cheer us with its dazzling rays ;
Thou art the source of light ;
That sing thy praise thy glory may
And never silent be,
Sweetly to raise her willing lays,
O Saviour dear to thee.

Who can behold the lovely sight,
And feel the living flow
Of love so full of pure delight,
With sweet effulgent glow ?
Oh ! who ? without a cheering swell
Of melting praise to thee,
Whose sufferings our redemption sealed
On Calvary's cross so free.

Now, let thy mourning exiles hear
Thy sweet alluring voice,
Their wounded hearts, O heal and cheer
With peace and living joys :
Oh Saviour dear, thy Zion wake,
The sleeping virgin raise ;
Her fetters break and joyful make
The Gates of Zion's praise.

For thou art worthy, blessed Lord,
Of all that we can give ;
We are thine own, by grace restor'd ;
Thine, all that we receive ;

Then tune our harps, to praise thy name
In loud triumphant song,
With access free, for unto thee
The praises all belong.

How sweet and peaceful is that rest
To every ransom'd soul,
When leaning on that loving breast,
Where billows cease to roll ;
Where Light, as lightning's brilliant glow
Reveals our souls in thee,
Whose breath doth blow our song to flow
With cheering melody.

Come, Oh ! my friends and brethren dear
That know your Saviour's voice,
And sing with loud triumphant cheer
Love's sweet inspiring lays ;
Lo ! thou art worthy of our song
O thou dear lovely Lamb !
For thou alone, the vict'ry won
On Calvary's cross, in pain.

But blessed Lord, who can proclaim ?
Or utter all thy praise ?
Frail, sinful man, can never scan
Thy wondrous works and ways ;
Yet, conquering Love, on Calvary proves
Our souls redeem'd and free :
So we may come with grateful song
Of love and praise to thee.

What though the world with pride and scorn,
And fleshly foes, annoy?
Oh! blessed Lord, we are thine own;
Then let our souls rejoice:
And while fierce billows roll around
And raging tempest roar;
Still may we swell the glad'ning song,
Our Saviour still adore.

Lord let us bear in mem'ry still,
The sad and wondrous tale,
Of sorrowing woes, thy bosom fill'd,
In Kedron's gloomy vale;—
Of gloomy dark Gethsemane,
Where our dear Saviour bow'd;
Thy lone retreat, thy painful sweat,
That fell like drops of blood.

Oh! who can tell the sorrowing woe
Thy tender bosom bore?
When sweat as drops of blood did flow;
Dropping from every pore:
Oh! who can hear the thrilling tale
Of all those rending pains,
Those sufferings in that gloomy vale,
And silent still remain.

Who can behold that flowing love,
And blood that streamed so free?
Those sufferings must forever prove
Our love, O Lord, to thee;

When all thy saints together meet,
In sweet communing bands
The Lamb to greet, in praises sweet ;
Home in the promis'd land.

Oh Saviour dear, 'tis ever sweet
The song of praise to sound ;
When saints in love together meet
About thy table round ;
There, pure remembrance of thy pains
And sufferings on the tree,
Will ever flow with living strains
In songs of praise to thee.

Salvation ! Oh that lovely plan,
That Poets ne'er could paint
Or human mind compose the strain
To inspire the love of saints ;
'Tis thine own triumph on the tree
The living treasure gained
Lo ! 'tis the prize of Calvary,
The price of Jesus' pain.

Redeeming Love ! sweet to console,
And charming to allure ;
The Banner waving o'er our souls
And on our hearts so pure ;
Thy conqueror, O cruel death !
To still thy chilling waves ;
To heal the wounded in distress,
And triumph o'er the grave.

Then lovely Zion rise and shine,
Lift up your voice and sing ;
Awake, awake Jerusalem,
Oh Daughter of the King !
Yea let the loud hosannahs sound,
Lo every eye shall see
The Lamb of God with victory crown'd,
Who bled on Calvary.

Worthy, the lovely Lamb, who died,
O hear the thrilling strain ;
Worthy the Lamb, (let all reply,)
Who died and rose again
Triumphant to the regions bright,
Where Grace with radiance shines,
And Light reveals Eternal Life
Secure in Love's design.

Let heavens and earth, the triumph raise
To swell the endless song,
And join the chorus of his praise
With all the ransomed throng ;
Worthy the lamb for sinners slain,
Let countless thousands cry ;
Of sweet and never dying strains
To all Eternity.

There the redeem'd will swell the song
While countless ages roll ;
With loud hosannahs on their tongues
And glory in their souls :

Where millions raise the heavenly strain
With halleluiahs free,
Responding all to One. Amen,
Oh ! Saviour dear to thee.

A HYMN

Bless, O my soul, the lovely Lamb
Who died on Calvary
To wash my soul from guilt and sin,
And pay the ransom free.

CHORUS.—*Oh ! the Lamb the lovely Lamb !
The Lamb on Calvary !
The Lamb was slain and rose again
To intercede for me.*

Amazing love, no tongue can tell,
Lo ! Jesus groan'd and bled ;
To save my soul from lowest hell
His precious blood was shed, &c.

His soul with bitter anguish wrung
In pain and agony,
Nail'd to the cross, the Victim hung,
And bled and died for me, &c.

'Twas for my sins and not his own
He groan'd upon the tree,
Those piercing cries, those pains and groans,
And blood was shed for me, &c.

When my poor soul was fallen low,
And sinking in the grave ;
To shield me from the fatal blow
He died my soul to save, &c.

He saw my soul, by Satan bound
In slav'ry's galling chains ;
To break my bands and heal my wounds
He died and rose again, &c.

My efforts all must fruitless prove :
He knew the only plea
Was God's infinite, boundless love,
His all-sufficiency, &c.

He knew his Heavenly Father's will
From all eternity,
Came down his purpose to reveal
And prove His firm decree, &c.

No off'ring made by ritual priests,
Could for my sins atone ;
Those bloody rites, in type, must cease,
When Jesus gave his own, &c.

Not all this fallen world contains
Justice would satisfy ;
Lo ! Christ the Lamb by sin unstain'd,
The perfect Sacrifice, &c.

'Tis done, the sinner's debt is paid,
The ransom is obtain'd ;
Jesus the great atonement made !
Our pardon free proclaim'd, &c.

Triumphant o'er the pow'r of Death
And all his hostile foes
To spoil the power of hell and earth
With conqu'ring pow'r He rose, &c.

Ascended to his Father's throne,
His smiling face beholds ;
And wears the spangled starry crown,
Brighter than polish'd gold, &c.

With flowing eloquence, he pleads,
The Father smiles and hears ;
Lo ! now, these temples cease to bleed
But still they bear the scars, &c.

Behold my feet, and hands, and side,
Were wounded painfully
To save my lovely fallen bride ;
Accept the off'ring free, &c.

The Father hears him plead, and smiles ;
His wrath and anger cease ;
Now God by Christ is reconcil'd
And crowns him King of peace, &c.

I'm reconciled, the Father cries,
Freely my love proclaim ;
Woo now thy heav'nly ransom'd Bride
The new Jerusalem, &c.

Exalted on the throne above
With pow'r and majesty !
Call home the objects of thy love,
From Satan's chains them free, &c.

Then O my soul, with transports sing
The sweet and endless song
And praise the universal King
With all the ransom'd throng, &c.

Who from my soul did break the chains
By his free love and grace,
And in the new Jerusalem
Assigned my soul a place, &c.

Now let me freely do my part,
The off'ring, Lord, receive ;
Jesus my love, accept my heart,
'Tis all that I can give.
Oh ! the Lamb, the lovely Lamb, &c.

THE CALL TO THE SUPPER

Hark the flying Herald cries,
Wake, O Zion, wake, arise,
The Bridegroom comes to wed the Bride,
Behold he comes to reign !
All things are ready, hasten to the marriage feast,
Gird on your beautiful garments and come,
The Bridegroom is coming, lovely Jerusalem,
Haste to the wedding, to the marriage of the Lamb.

Come ye ransom'd freely come ;
Hear the message, every one,
Hasten Oh Jerusalem ;
The Trumpet loud proclaims,
It is your beloved, rise, behold he calleth thee
Home from Captivity, no more the galling chains.
Chorus--The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

Quick the Gospel Chariot bounds,
Loud and shrill the trumpet sounds,
Summoning the nations home
Unto the promis'd land :
With sweet sounding voices, hear the ambassadors
The Royal mandate joyfully proclaim ;
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

Swift the cheering message rolls
O'er the earth from pole to pole ;
Crying hasten to the fold,
The Shepherd calls you home :

Haste to the banquet, Lo ! the invitation's free,
Dearly 'tis purchased by Calvary pains ;
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

Lovingly the Shepherd calls,
Hear the tidings, great and small ;
Wake, arise ye nations all
Nor linger on the plain ;
Haste lovely fair-one, quickly rise and come away,
The winter is over no more the chilling rain
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

Oh how sweet the swelling strain
Through the streets and city lanes,
Over highways, hills and plains,
The messengers proclaim
The supper is ready, the Lamb was slain on Calvary !
Bread, wine, milk and honey's the purchase of his
The Bridegroom is coming, etc. [pain

Come ye blind, ye halt and lame
Broken hearted, sick and maim'd ;
Messengers of love proclaim
Quickly rise and come ;
Put on your wedding garments, lo ! he awaiteth thee ;
Trumpets are sounding to bring the harvest home,
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

Come ye sever'd nations, join,
In every land, in every clime
Sweet the heavenly music chimes,
Oh ! hear the loud acclaim !

Worthy is the Saviour who suffer'd free on Calvary,
Ransom'd millions joyfully proclaim :
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

Lovingly, He calls his sheep,
To wake them out of sleep,
See them on the mountains leap,
And by the running streams ;
Long have they wander'd in exile and captivity,
Their Shepherd is seeking the purchase of his pain,
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

Flocks upon the pastures green,
From the washing white and clean,
Look and see the lovely twins
Leaping on the plains !
O the lovely sheep, see, bought so dear on Calvary
Scatter'd in the wilderness, all coming home again,
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

Soft the living breezes blow,
Sweet the fragrant spices flow,
Lilies whiter than the snow
Arising in the streams ;
Lovely rose of Sharon beautifully op'ning see,
Lily of the garden, by Kedron's rolling stream ;
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

Sweet the minstrel's cheering sound,
O'er the hills and valleys round,
To the earth's remotest bounds
Hear the swelling strain,

Glory forever to him who died on Calvary,
And wrought a free redemption from Death's remorseless reign.
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

PART II.

Lo, the amazing lovely sight,
Prophets sang with sweet delight,
Op'ning from the shades of night
The glory of the Lamb !
Death is abolish'd. Life and Immortality !
Bright revelation's opening the plan.
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

Lo, on Zion's fruitful field
See the cov'nant heirs reveal'd,
Ransom'd hosts, in thousands seal'd
In one eternal name :
O the bright throng, behold the heav'nly company
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb that was slain,
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

Look ! on Zion's golden street
Lo ! the Jew and Gentile meet,
All in unity complete,
No more to part again.
Lovely and freely the long sever'd family
Are peacefully blending, the enemy is slain.
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

Now behold the living bread,
Jesus Christ, the promis'd seed !
Died to bruise the Serpent's head,
And quickly rose again,
Eat, O friends, behold the living bread is free,
Faith is the substance to raise the soul again :
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

Freely drink the flowing wine
From the true and living vine,
Sweet and cheering, well refined,
An ever healing stream
Flows from the Fountain, freely and abundantly,
Precious blood and water the thirsty to sustain.
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

Hark the heav'n-born choir advance,
Virgins praising in the dance,
Joyfully they clap their hands,
O hear the swelling strain ;
Men and maidens, all unite in harmony,
Loud halleluiahs in choruses proclaim :
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

Oh ! behold the lovely sight,
Countless thousands, shining bright,
Dress'd in robes of spotless white,
It is the wedding train ;
Lovely the songsters, sweet the flowing minstrelsy,
O the thrilling chorus and cheering loud acclaim :
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

See the Bride in robes of gold,
Wrought on Calvary of old,
Glittering robes of perfect mould
The purchase of the Lamb ;
Beautifully dazzling, sparkling in the sunny rays,
Garments of righteousness, perfect and unstain'd.
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

White embroider'd raiment see,
Needlework on Calvary—
Fashion'd in Gethsemane
By pressure, sweat and pain :
Deep were the sorrows that pierc'd his soul so painfully
Pointed and piercing, the nails, the spear and thorns.
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

Costly is the wedding dress,
Beauteous in holiness,
It is the robe of righteousness
By Jesus Christ obtained ;
Jerusalem, 'tis thine, 'twas wrought by suff'ring painfully;
O the mighty triumph, the Saviour's dying strain.
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

Shout, behold Messiah comes !
Loud and shrill the trumpet sounds,
Myriads cast their golden crowns
In homage to the Lamb ;
Oh the glittering diadem, the prize he won on Calvary
Array'd in robes Majestic, behold He comes to reign.
The Bridegroom is coming, etc.

Now the op'ning visions see !
 Seal'd so long in prophecy :
 Welcome ! heav'nly Jubilee
 To Zion's courts again.
 Hear the sound of gladness, loud and shrill the Herald
 cries,
 Gird on your beautiful garments and come ;
 The Bridegroom is coming, lovely Jerusalem,
 Haste to the wedding, to the marriage of the Lamb.

THE WELCOME HOME

AIR—*Irin, arin, u horo.*

Loud the Mighty Angel cries,
 Swift the joyful tidings fly,
 Lo ! the hosts, in thousands rise,
 O hear the thrilling welcome home ;
 Shrill the jubilee trumpet sounds,
 Through the courts of Zion round !
Chorus—Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd,
 And marriage supper of the Lamb.

Pure and heav'nly visions bright
 O how lovely to the sight,
 Op'ning by celestial light
 The promise that through ages ran ;
 Pointing far, O far away
 To the joyful wedding day ;
 Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

See the rays of morning rise,
'Tis the Sun of Righteousness ;
Before his face the shadows fly,
And songsters swell their morning strain ;
Bright those glittering rays appear,
Sweet's the lovely song to hear,
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

Amazing sight, behold reveal'd,
The Book of Life the Lamb unseals,
Who died Testator of the Will,
And quickly rose to heaven again
Skillfully he pleads their claim,
Counts and calls them by their names ;
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

Death's abolish'd ; hear him say,
Life and Immortality
Lights the fallen family
From shades of Death to life again ;
Loath the accuser yields his claim,
Lovingly the Judge proclaims,
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

Hark the thrilling verdict comes,
Loud the Herald's trumpet sounds,
Shouts with joyful echo's bound,
The Counsellor his plea hath gain'd ;
Swift the cheering tidings run,
'Tis finish'd ; lo the trial's won,
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

Now with open vision see
All the ransom'd family
Coming to the jubilee
On Zion's holy hill again ;
Free from sorrow, sin and shame
Free from Death's remorseless reign
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

Countless thousands shining bright,
Dressed in robes of spotless white,
O how lovely to the sight,
Behold the ransom'd wedding train ;
Lo ! they come to meet their King,
Sweet the virgin minstrels sing
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

Sweet the minstrel's cheering sound
Vibrates through the mighty throng,
Loud the Halleluiahs sound,
Oh hear the myriad's ceaseless strain ;
Praise, O praise the Lamb they cry,
Now He comes in majesty,
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

Shiloh's Daughters see advance,
Virgins beautifully dance,
Joyfully they clap their hands,
All heart to heart by love constrain'd ;
Men and maidens freely join,
Wrapped in rays of light divine ;
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

O now let every eye behold
The pains on Calvary unfold,
See the Bride in robes of gold
The purchase of the Bridegroom's pain ;
Beautifully dazzling, see,
Sparkling like the sunny rays,
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

White embroider'd raiment, see,
Needle-work of Calvary,
Fashioned in Gethsemane
By sorrow, pressure, sweat and pain ;
Head and hands, His feet and side
Wounded, bleeding for his Bride,
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

Pointed nails, the thorns, and spear,
Hanging wounded, bleeding there ;
Proves thy love, Oh Saviour dear,
By sorrows, cries and dying pains ;
Proud usurper of his throne,
Bow to God's anointed One,
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

Costly is the wedding dress
Beauteous in holiness,
'Tis the robe of righteousness—
The price of Jesus' dying pain ;
Put the rich donation on,
His gift of love it is thine own,
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

Put it on both great and small,
Hide the shame of Adam's fall,
'Tis the Bridegroom's gift to all
The cov'nant heirs of Abraham :
In every age 'tis found the same
A perfect covering without seam.
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

'Tis done ; the mighty angel cries,
His chariot wheels like lightning fly
Now the countless thousands rise,
O see the bright triumphant band
In garments white behold they stand
Waving their victorious palms,
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

Lo ! they come with glittering crowns,
Cheering is their welcome home
Death is vanquish'd and cast down,
And Satan in his prison chain'd ;
Loud the Herald peace proclaims,
Christ the Conqueror comes to reign,
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc,

Loud the harps of heaven play,
O how sweet's the minstrelsy,
Love, redeeming love's the lay
That thrills the soul so joyfully ;
Lo ! they cast their dazzling crowns
Meek and lowly bowing down
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

Lovely sweet their willing lays
Swells the song of endless praise
Loud the Alleluiahs rise.
And mighty beings say, Amen,
Lo ! they shout with loud acclaim
Now the Bridegroom comes to reign,
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

Loud the bells of Zion ring,
Oh ! how sweet her damsels sing
Songs and honors to their King,
Who love reveals in every strain ;
Praise the Great Creator's name
O praise the Lamb who overcame,
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

Love reveal'd in manhood see,
Sorrowing in Gethsemane,
Love revealed on Calvary,
To reconcile the world to Thee,
Love effectual to redeem,
Love, O love in every strain,
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

Sweet the stream forever flows
From heaven above to earth below,
Love, the banner o'er us shows
That conquering Love forever reigns ;
Firm and sure the cov'nant stands,
Ever since the world began.
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

Swift the op'ning vision rolls,
O how cheering to the soul,
Soon shall every eye behold
The Victor come his crown to claim ;
Haste, O Lord, the welcome morn,
Cheer our hearts to swell the song,
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

And while we see as in a glass,
Oh ! cheer us on to run the race,
Till all will see with open face
The Bridegroom, when he comes to reign ;
O let thy brightness ever be
The star to lead us on to Thee,
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

And as the magnet draws the steel,
Allure thy love to Zion hill,
Where foaming waves are ever still'd
And tempest lull'd to peaceful calm ;
There thy love will fill the throng
With the new and endless song.
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

Oh let thy chariot wheels roll on
As sand that in the glass doth run,
Till all the sheaves are gathered home
To swell the sweet millennial strain ;
Behold the Bridegroom comes to reign
Open, O gates, and let him in.
Lo ! the wedding is proclaim'd, etc.

THE GOSPEL CALL

AND PREPARATION OF THE SOUL FOR THE
MILLENNIUM.

SECOND PART OF PLAN OF SALVATION

Hark the mighty Herald of salvation
Blows the loud trumpet, thrillingly and shrill ;
Listen, 'tis the Royal proclamation !
Sounding delightfully, the record to unseal ;
Like rushing wind from Heaven, quick the Holy
 Spirit flies,
Swift the glad tidings like mighty waters roll ;
Death is abolished ; see the promise verified,
Life, life eternal, is flowing in the soul.

Now behold the Saviour, highly ascended,
Freely interceding upon the throne above ;
Truth and Mercy are peacefully blending,
Sweetly consoling by His redeeming love ;
Ever reconciling by that effectual remedy
Flowing from the Fountain, so freely, in the fold ;
Sweet's the memorial of Calvary, Oh Calvary !
Sacred forever is the vision to the soul.

Hear the swelling trumpet's quick vibration
Thrilling the atmosphere and shaking land and sea !
Loud, the angelic proclamation
Sounds in the Gospel to set the captives free ;

Welcome, glad tidings, that thrills the soul so joyfully,
Healing is the message to mourners in distress,
Glad proclamation to all the fallen family,
Sweet invitation that calls them home to rest.

Swift the gospel chariot wheels are running,
Quick'ning is the message to every thrilling breast ;
Cheering and consoling, sweet as honey,
Lovingly inviting the weary home to rest ;
Hark, weary traveller, behold the watchman calleth
thee ;
Lo ! the good Shepherd is gath'ring home his sheep,
Home to their freedom, from exile and captivity,
Home from affliction in swelling waters deep.

Hear the royal mandate :—'Tis the contender
Bids the oppressor deliver up the prey,
Every lawful captive, now surrender,
Zion, no longer shall in her silence lay :
East and West, now, behold the Gospel sunny rays
Shining on the shadows to penetrate the gloom ;
North and South, Oh ! hear the song of love and
grace
Sounding delightfully to cheer the exiles home.

Mightily the Herald's voice is sounding,
Lovingly proclaiming the invitation free,
O'er the lonely valleys, hills and mountains,
Calling home the lost sheep from far O far away ;

Hear the trembling sinner crying in the wilderness,
Bright the Spirit's breathing fans the living flame,
To cleanse and purify him from sin and all unright-
eousness
And bring the soul to freedom from Satan's galling
chains.

His voice is in the rending peals of thunder
Suddenly revealing the majesty of Law !
Thrilling like the lightning, look and wonder !
See the poor sinner is trembling with awe ;
His voice is on the waters with swelling streams to
sanctify
And in the salutation to cause the babe to leap :
His voice is in the woman praying for delivery,
Crying to her husband in rending sorrows deep.

Speedily the Spirit is unsealing
Long hidden mysteries, the holy prophets told ;
Hear the thrilling sound of painful wailing,
Lo ! the barren woman is crying in her pain ;
Haste good Physician and give a safe delivery,
Let the glad mother behold her new-born sons ;
Speed the joyful tidings to loose the seals of prophecy,
Opening the morning a Nation shall be born.

Say is this the voice of fear and trembling
Noise and shaking is beginning to appear ;
Deeply in affliction, cries heart-rending,
Piteously moaning, the trembling sinner hear ;

Thunders of Sinai roaring like artillery,
Terrifies the sinner beneath the angry frown ;
Oh ! the thrilling bound, lo, the hammer strikes him
 mightily
To bring the standing water, and break the heart of
 stone.

Clearly as the dazzling sun arising,
Look lo, the Spirit his quickening unfolds,
Regenerating and baptizing
Deep in affliction, to purify the soul :
Quick inspiration, like gleaming electricity
Swift and vibrating is the Spirit's quick'ning thrill ;
Breathing in the promise of life and immortality
Our earnest of inheritance, the true baptismal seal.

Blessed is the royal proclamation,
Cheering to the sinner the tidings ever flow'd ;
Still the Spirit's quick'ning inspiration
Flows in the message, and healing as it goes ;
Sweet proclamation ! lovingly and peacefully
Calming affliction, its swelling billows stills ;
'Tis the Beloved who brings the healing remedy
Leaping on the mountains and skipping on the hills.

Beautifully cheering, the glad morning
Opens delightfully with bright and glittering rays ;
Lovingly the watchman's voice is sounding
Wake love 'tis morning, arise and come away ;
Hark ! lo, the trumpets proclaim the coming jubilee,
See the good Shepherd is gath'ring home his bands,
Hastily assembling all the ransom'd family
Home, sweet home, to the peaceful promis'd land.

Home, O lovely prospect, sweetly endearing,
Rest to the weary the trumpeters proclaim ;
Oh ! how delightful, joyfully cheering,
Rest to the weary from travail and from pain :
Rest to the weary from long and sad adversity,
Rest to the weary from slav'ry's galling bands,
Rest sweet rest, in the haven of tranquility,
Home, sweet home in the blissful promis'd land.

Home, where the minstrels sing so sweetly,
Safe in the haven where billows cease to roll,
Pains and sorrows all completely,
Sunk in oblivion forever from the soul ;
Home in the mansions where all the joyful company
Will praise their Redeemer, leaning on his breast ;
Free from affliction and ev'ry hostile enemy,
Home, sweet home, in the Paradise of rest.

Wait a little longer, weary pilgrims,
Lo ! He commanded you to wait a little while,
Though a mother may forget her children,
Jesus the Saviour forget you never will :
Deep is the purchase engrav'd on his memory,
Look on his temples, his hands his feet and side ;
Lo ! it is the token of love from all eternity,
Love so redeeming and changeless to his bride.

Cheering is the prospect, look ye ransom'd !
Lo ! the man in linen is marking with his seal,
Speedily preparing heavenly mansions
Till the day appointed his glory to reveal :

Soon the loud trumpets will bring the new-born family,
Oh! how consoling to every throbbing breast;
Home to the haven of peace and sweet felicity,
Home, sweet home to the regions of the blest.

Wait a little longer, wearied Zion,
Wait, soon the sentinel will give the final cry;
Wake, wake, arise ye sleeping virgins;
Hark! lo, the messenger before the master flies;
Shine on the heavens, O radiant sun of righteousness,
Illuminate thy glory and let thy kingdom come,
Haste, O Beloved, and let the brightness of thy face
Lighten thy fair-one to her millennial home.

THE "OLD CREATION" TYPICAL OF THE "NEW"

FOURTH PART OF PLAN OF SALVATION

AIR—How thankful to know, &c.

How sweet to reflect on the plan of Salvation,
So wondrous in wisdom and lovely to see
Set forth in the beautiful works of Creation
Arranged by unerring and changeless decree;
Those beautiful figures and true appellations
All show the perfection of work so sublime,
When Christ, by the rays of divine revelation,
Discloses the purpose of Wisdom's design;

Yea, pure is the flow of that bright revelation
That opens the vision, so clear, to the sight ;
O lovely ! behold, lo the new-born creation
Emerging from shadows, in spiritual light :
A bright habitation, by regeneration,
Lo ! costlier far than Jerusalem of old ;
Endu'd with the breathing of free inspiration,
Descending from heaven, lo, brighter than gold.

Oh ! lovely to see are those works of perfection
That open so free to our wondering eyes.
Lo ! Jesus the first-born and first resurrection,
Now shines in the mansions, the pearl of great price ;
His beautiful family, brighter, and clearer
Than gems from the mountain and pearls from the sea,
Those beautiful emblems, but richer and dearer
The heirs of salvation, He purchased so free.

Come, O our Beloved, we pray thee, and lead us
Around about Zion, that we may admire
Thy wonderful works in her heavenly places,
And join the sweet song of the heaven-born choir ;
O lead us around to behold her bright palaces,
Gates, walls and bulwarks, her beautiful towers ;
Her glittering temple and garnished galleries,
Ever to wonder, admire and adore.

Thy works, O how perfect : Thou mighty Creator !
Who fix'd the bright sun in the heaven to shine,
To lighten the whole by one Great Radiator,
So Christ is our light by his radiance divine ;

The beautiful moon and the stars, lo, how brilliant
They sparkle in heaven's bright spangled dome ;
These patterns all witness a glorious reality,
Circling ever round heaven's bright throne.

Oh ! 'tis sweet to reflect on the works of creation,
So wisely constructed in beauty sublime ;
Those beautiful emblems, and fit appellations,
All suited to people in every clime ;
O wondrous ! behold how the sun so incessantly
Lights the creation by wisdom's control,
The moon and the stars all reflecting His radiance
As Christ in his glory gives light to the soul.

Those beautiful hills and the high tow'ring mountains,
The flocks and herds feeding on pasturage green.
Lo ! plains of fertility, crystalline fountains,
And lilies of fragrance, behold in the streams.
The trees of the forest with autumn winds waving,
And flowers in the garden so beauteous shows
That new born creation the Saviour is raising
That fell from the beautiful garden of God.

The silver and gold that are tried in the furnace
See perfectly purified, duly refin'd ;
So skilfully polish'd and brilliantly burnish'd
And moulded, though shapeless it came from the mine:
Precious stones shining with sparkling brilliancy,
Rich costly pearls from the deep swelling sea ;
All beautiful emblems of that blessed family,
Ransom'd so freely, dear Saviour, by thee.

O highly exalted and life-giving Saviour,
Thy garden behold, lo the roses do fade ;
Pour from thy blest bosom thy goodness and favor
In plentiful showers the lilies to raise :
Come, north wind, and blow on the trees of the garden,
O south, softly breathe that the spices may flow,
And lilies arise from the swellings of Jordan,
Like sheep from the washing, far whiter than snow.

How sweet's the assurance that flows in the pardon
From Jesus who suffer'd and open'd the road ;
Now Christ is the tree in the midst of the garden
In Paradise hightly exalted with God :
Say'ng, eat O friends, freely, yea drink ; there is plenty
Bread, wine, milk and honey, the banquet is free :
The earnest of love and the joys of Eternity
Where the possession He purchas'd shall be.

Lo ! speedily now, see, the Lamb is unsealing
The beautiful figures that points to the true ;
The purpose and plan of creation, revealing
Those patterns, so perfect and lovely, to view ;
That beautiful City ! her pure consecration,
And sanctified temple of glittering gold ;
The type of that spiritual, bright habitation
Of heavenly mansions, the Spirit unfolds.

How truly inspiring those wonderful visions
That open'd to Prophets the beautiful view,
A spiritual building, descending from heaven,
The holy Jerusalem, created anew :

O look ! and behold all those works of perfection,
And beauty reveal'd in the wonderful plan ;
Behold the pure Virgin of Eden's sure blessing
Affianc'd in covenant, the Bride of the Lamb.

How cheering the minstrelsy flow'd with the tidings
That swell'd the sweet anthem on Bethlehem's plain,
Now laud, all ye people, sing praises, O Zion ;
Lo ! Christ the Messiah is coming again ;
Behold ! He is coming in majesty glorious,
He is coming with clouds like the lightning flame,
Now coming with heaven-born legions victorious
To sit on the throne of his kingdom and reign.

He is coming to dwell in thy midst, O Jerus'lem,
To lighten the courts of his blessed abode,
The Lamb ! O that beautiful light, to illumine
Those mansions for aye with the glory of God :
Pure virgins, with lamps blazing, circling around him ;
All brilliant and bright as the glittering stars,
Like sparkling diamonds set round in a diadem,
Blazing like lamps in a great chandelier.

Swell heavenly strain, 'Tis a sweet meditation ;
Those thoughts so ineffable, visions so blest,
That ever reveals by divine inspiration
The true living witness, that dwells in the breast ;
Disclosing the plan of the Mighty Creator,
Whose power and wisdom in magnitude bright,
And Love, Light and Life, Oh, that pure emanation
Flows free to the soul through the manhood of Christ.

Behold, like a river that ever is flowing
Love flow'd from the Father, and flow'd thro' the
Son,
Applied by the Spirit both free and consoling
By one Mediator, the Lamb on the throne :
'Tis truly, the seal of the Comforter showing
Our witness, the spirit, the water and blood ;
The promise flow'd freely, and ever is flowing
In visions to man by the spirit of God.

Oh ! wondrous display ! Love, redeeming and heal-
ing,
Lo ! Light's the revealer that opens the plan ;
See, Life, operating and spiritually sealing
The heirs of salvation, redeem'd by the Lamb ;
Lo ! Love, Light, and Life, by one mighty Testator,
Discloses the will in the wonderful plan
Of Love, flowing ever, through one Mediator,
The covenant promise that's will'd unto man.

Man ! say, what is man ? 'Tis a subject to ponder
His substance, his being, and place in the plan,
Lo ! strangely created, behold him and wonder
See, body and soul, in humanity blend ;
Man, highly exalted, the Lord of creation,
Behold him in honor and dignity crown'd ;
In stature erect, lo, a beautiful creature,
God's image and likeness from dust of the ground.

O look, lo ! the beautiful creature is fallen,
No longer in Eden's fair garden to reign,
Now moaning in sadness and sorrow appalling,
Lo ! death by the law, is the wages of sin :
Oh hear the dread sound, lo, the sentence is painful,
As o'er the poor sinner Law's terrors did roll ;
See, Death ! fell destroyer, malignant and baneful,
Hath aim'd his dread arrow and wounded his soul.

But O, the sure covenant, both endless and change-
less,
Behold ! lo, the son comes in fashion of man,
Made under the law little lower than angels
For suffering of death, by his Father's command ;
Now highly exalted, a Prince and a Saviour,
With glory and honor, behold he is crown'd,
To dress, and to keep that pure garden forever,
Where Love, Joy and Peace in perfection are found.

Oh ! let the redeem'd sing his praises forever,
'Tis sweet and delightful his goodness to tell,
Come heavenly breathing, unite us together
That every bosom with praises may swell :
Ye angels of might in the regions of glory
Give honor and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
O ransomed millions unite in the chorus,
And swell the full triumph of Bethlehem's strain.

O hail, thou blest morn ! lo, the prospect is glorious,
The promise is cheering though clouds intervene ;
Our Saviour on high is the hope set before us,
Who open'd the pathway for all the redeem'd :

His love, is the magnet of perfect attraction,
His light, our companion to cheer on the road ;
The Comforter points to that peace and perfection,
In Life, life eternal, forever with God.

THE CONTRAST TO THE BATTLE OF ARMEGEDDON

AIR—We will praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

Hark ! the trumpets' loud peal, lo, the watchmen are
crying,
Look He breaks a new seal, listen hear the glad tid-
ings :
Now behold, Oh ! my soul, see a new-born creation,
All with the pure breathing of life animated,
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen, lo, the Lamb is victorious.

Lo ! a dark gloomy day, clos'd the last dispensation,
Then a mourning shroud lay o'er the darken'd crea-
tion ;
Lo ! he call'd for the light when the old world was
rising,
See again it shines bright, O my soul how surprising !
Hark, the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen, lo, the lamb is victorious.

For a high sabbath day, see the great preparation,
It betoken'd the rays of a bright revelation :
Disclosing the first born in manhood's perfection
On that beautiful morn of the first resurrection.
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen, lo ! the Lamb is victorious.

Long the day was foretold by divine inspiration,
Till revolving years roll'd round the promis'd salvation :

So steadily onward the years have been rolling,
See, a lovelier morn to our eyes is unfolding ;
And a lovelier strain, of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen, lo, the Lamb is victorious.

Look ! O look and behold, lo, the Lamb is unsealing
See, a beautiful roll, the new world is revealing ;
The heaven and earth now appear in perfection,
By a spiritual birth, like the first resurrection ;
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. lo ! the Lamb is victorious.

Hark the beautiful strain, lo, the curtain's arising,
See a soft flowing rain the new world is baptizing,
O how fragrant and pure the sweet breezes are blowing,
With the baptismal show'r, sweet the minstrelsy's flowing
O the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. lo ! the Lamb is victorious.

Oh ! the wonderful Lamb ! look with great admiration ;
See, the first-born He stands of the new-born creation ;
By counsel behold him in cov'nant appointed,
Lo ! now he comes King, over Zion, anointed,
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus.
Alleluia, Amen. Lo ! the Lamb is victorious.

Look, in Manhood he stands now immortal and glorious
At his Father's right hand, in the mansions of glory:
Loud the ransom'd are singing the song of salvation
And bowing before him with sweet adoration ;
Oh ; the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo ! the Lamb is victorious.

See, those beautiful brows that his enemies wounded
Bear the marks of his woes, when the thorns them surrounded ;
Lo ! his hands, feet and side, where the blood once was streaming
Shows how painful he died, and his love so redeeming
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo ! the Lamb is victorious.

Rich is th' prize He hath won by his love so unbounded,
'Tis a sparkling crown, with twelve stars circling round it ;

Ever glittering bright like the dew-drops of morning;
Now the numberless thousands are coming to crown
him ;

Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo ! the Lamb is victorious.

Look ! the multitude stands in white robes from the
fountain,

All with palms in their hands, see the victors around
him

Like sheep from the washing ; behold them, and
wonder !

'Tis the heav'n born company no man can number;
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo ! the Lamb is victorious.

To Emmanuel's land full of wine, milk and honey,
Lo, the triumphant band from the warfare are com-
ing ;

See the cross is their standard, and love is the banner,
They march to the song of Hosanna, Hosanna ;
And the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo the Lamb is victorious.

Hark ! the Herald proclaims lo, the warfare is ended;
Now the battle is gain'd, let the hosts be disbanded;
Let them wear the bright crown, 'tis a priceless do-
nation

Oh 'tis life, life eternal the prize of salvation ;
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. lo ! the Lamb is victorious.

Come and lay down your arms, cries the royal commander,

Here no foe can you harm I will shield you from danger

No serpent shall enter my purchas'd possessions
For this my fair Eden is free from transgressions.
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo the Lamb is victorious.

See that beautiful grove, lo, a fruitful plantation,
'Tis his garden of love, and the trees of salvation
With the great 'Tree of Life bearing fruit by the river

Of pure living water that's flowing forever :
With the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo the Lamb is victorious.

True the covenant seal on their foreheads engraved,
Shows his purpose fulfill'd to the millions he saved;
No more, Gentile and Jew, now the enmity's ended,
In one body, by one Holy Spirit, they're blended :
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo, the lamb is victorious.

And the beautiful ring, lo, the circle is endless,
'Tis the gift of the King, see it shows a true emblem
Of the covenant of grace, (without end or beginning)
Of redemption and peace by His love so redeeming:
Hear the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo ! the Lamb is victorious.

Lo ! those visions of old, by divine inspiration
Many witnesses told of the joys of salvation ;
Who saw in the future the Lamb and his glory,
And th' heavenly choir, bear him witness, adoring ;
With the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo, the Lamb is victorious.

O how sweet to my soul when in lone contemplation
Cheering visions unfold those long anticipations ;
Strong on faith's steady wings, mounting higher and
higher,
To the sweet flowing spring where the heav'n-born
choir
Swells the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus ;
Alleluia, Amen. Lo the Lamb is victorious.

Lead me safe on the way, Hope, thou cheering com-
panion,
By the smiles of thy face, to those heavenly mansions;
And while I remain in this clay habitation
Let those sweet flowing gleams, swell the heart's adora-
tion
With the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus ;
Alleluia, Amen. Lo the Lamb is victorious.

Till the pitcher and bowl shall be broke at the foun-
tain
(See the purified gold and the clay that surrounds it,)
And the silver cord loos'd that so firmly hath bound
them ;

And the dust turn to dust, and the soul mount to
heaven,
There to swell the sweet strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo ! the Lamb is victorious.

Then the dust shall lay down under earth's gloomy
cover,
And the spirit will bound back again to the giver,
Till the silence shall break at the trumpet's loud warn-
ing
And the dead shall awake on that wonderful morning,
With the beautiful strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo ! the Lamb is victorious.

When he opens the seal of the last dispensatio
Then, the Book will reveal a new-rising creatio
Immortal, and glorious, in manhood's perfection ;
For the trumpet will call up the last resurrection :
And the glorified twain will unite in the chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo ! the Lamb is victorious.

Till the trumpet shall sound on that beautiful morning,
Let the curtain go down while the world is in mourn-
ing
Till the heaven and earth new-created and glorious,
Shall arise, like the First-born, who triumph'd before
us ;
To unite in the strain of the millions in chorus,
Alleluia, Amen. Lo ! the Lamb is victorious.

THE END OF THE HYMNS
COMPOSED BY THE LATE GEORGE BEARS, M. E.

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TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE GAELIC HYMNS OF THE LATE REV.
DONALD MCDONALD AND EWEN LAMONT, ELDER

THANKSGIVING.

"Laoidh Taingealachd" here translated in full

My desires, loving Jesus,
Were to thee in my anguish ;
When in prison enslaved
When in chains I did languish,
And when sin so enticing,
Held my mind in possession,
Lacking power of arising
From the mire of transgression.

From the light of thy favor
Far away did I wander ;
But I oft would endeavor,
And would fain break asunder
All the fetters that bound me ;
But the foe would assail me,
His assaults would astound me,
And my courage would fail me.

Ill at ease was my conscience
By the pangs of conviction :
Then I pleaded with Jesus
To be freed from affliction :—
Lord, my soul from the bondage
Of the strong man deliver ;
Grant me strength in thy mercy,
Ere I perish forever.

But instead of the Saviour,
Then came Satan to grieve me,
To mislead with false courage,
Of true hope to bereave me ;
Fear of threatened vengeance,
Sense of danger would leave me,
Sinful pleasures beguiling,
For a time would deceive me.

But behold with what favor
Has my Saviour sought me !
With what fatherly pity
From the pit has He brought me !
I was filthy and hateful,
Sunk in shame and confusion—
I was helplessly lying
In the vilest pollution.

O my gracious Saviour,
With what love hast thou sought me !
With what fatherly pity
From the pit hast thou brought me !

Now, the Lord in the number
Of his children receives me !
Now my path is to glory
Though the foe often grieves me.

O thy love my Redeemer,
Unto me is unbounded :
By thy word I am strengthened ;
By thy mercy surrounded ;
And the earnest received,
Unto me is a token
Of thy promise unfailing,
Ever faithful unbroken.

Now my soul has the earnest
Of thine own Holy Spirit,
Of the purchased possession
Which the saints shall inherit :
All proceeds in the order
That Jehovah hath given,
Till we rise to the glory
And enjoyments of Heaven.

Wake my lyre in melodius
And harmonious vibration !
Rise my soul in the Spirit's
Cheering sweet inspiration !
Offer praises in thrilling,
Loud and willing laudation,
To the Lord for his blessing
Of free grace and salvation !

Sing his glory and greatness,
Sing the praise of his Person,
Sing the love of thy Saviour,
Now thy sacred possession ;
Let the Father's high praises,
Thrill thy lays of thanksgiving,
Praise the Spirit of glory,
Triune God ever living.

Yet O Lord though thy favor
And thy praise are my pleasure ;
Who can fathom thy greatness,
Or declare it in measure ?
When the Angels in glory,
Bow in Holy Obeisance,
Veil their faces when o'er them,
Beams thy glorious Presence.

O ! how worthy is Jesus,
Of our sweetest laudation ;
Who hath suffered to rescue,
Us from death and damnation ;
And to raise us from sorrow,
To the joy of his favor,
And as jewels to place us,
In his Breastplate forever.

Lord revive and refresh me,
With thy presence and power,
Since my soul thou hast rested,
In this sheltering bower ;

Thee to praise on my sojourn,
In thy love still abiding,
Till I see thee in glory,
There enjoying thy guiding.

While am yet in the desert,
With the flesh am contending ;
And the hatred of aliens
Me assail for my rendering ;
While the legions of darkness,
As for battle come near me,
Faith and hope as I travel,
Joined with charity cheer me.

Oh ! my Saviour how pleasant,
Is the place thou preparest ;
In the regions of glory,
Ample portions thou sharest,
Eat and drink we may freely,
Of the feast thou assignest ;
Where with glorious radiance,
Thou eternally shinest.

Oh ! how worthy is Jesus,
Of our sweetest laudation ;
Who prepareth our dwelling,
Far from hell and damnation ;
Far from sin and defilement,
And the wiles of the tempter,
Far from endless perdition,
Is the City we enter.

High in glory and greatness,
Thou eternally bidest,
Sun and Shield to all people,
Whom thou teachest and guidest ;
Ardour living consoling,
Fills my soul as I ponder,
On thy infinite merit,
And pre-eminent splendour.

O my glorious Redeemer,
When this mist disappeareth,
To my soul when no further,
This corruption adhereth ;
I shall see unabashed thee,
As thou art in thy splendour,
With thy hosts when thou comest,
Praise and homage I'll tender.

O how worthy is Jesus,
Of my lays of thanksgiving,
Me he washed, and now raises,
To the joys of the living ;
To his presence most glorious.
Now my soul he is bringing,
Halleluiah ! in chorus,
With his own to be singing.

Praise and glory and honor,
For thy promise dear Saviour,
That my soul 'neath the banner,
Of thy love and thy favour ;

In thy secret pavilion,
Will securely be hiding ;
Till I see thee in heaven,
There forever abiding.

ASSURANCE.

PART I.

“ Am Fiosrachadh Slainteil ”

“ A Cheud earroinn ”

From the Gaelic of the late Rev. D. M. D.

The world is wholly destitute,
Of saving health and power ;
Afar from Christ and holiness,
And godless to this hour ;
From Adam all posterity,
Inherited their woe,
Of innocence deplorably,
Bereft and fallen low.

Not one but all apostasized,
The serpent Eve beguiled ;
To eat the fruit he tempted her,
She ate, and was defiled ;
To Adam she presented it,
He ate—which fatal deed,
Brought down impending death on him ;
On him and all his seed.

The Wicked world insensibly,
Put off the evil day ;
They do regard but slightingly,
What holy Scriptures say ;
The shades of death encompass them,
With darkness gross and deep,
Their wily foe caresses them ;
And thus are kept asleep.

They think that grace is stored for them,
In Christ's atoning blood ;
Although they're held in slavery,
In sin's debasing mood ;
Though vengeance dread and ominous,
Hangs o'er them one and all,
Although the curse abides on them,
Denounced at Adam's fall.

They think that grace is stored for them,
In Christ's atoning blood ;
Although they never tasted him,
As soul's sustaining food ;
They walk in disobedience,
To God—they heed him not ;
They hate to be associates,
With those by him begot.

If men would here me patiently,
And close attention deign ;
I would from soul experience,
The soul's new birth explain ;

For Christ the Seals unfasteneth,
And guiding light doth send,
To grant our souls the mysteries,
Of truth to comprehend.

A cheerless child of wrath was I,
In Satan's grasp confined ;
Of saving faith was destitute,
As dumb and deaf and blind ;
But when the Lord awakened me,
I quaked in grief and pain.
We deeply drink of bitterness,
Ere we the sweet attain.

Alike in soul experience,
Are these who hear the call,
Of Jesus Christ awak'ning them ;
They heed him one and all ;
They know their state is dangerous,
They fear avenging wrath,
They lack the strength to flee from it ;
Uneven is their path.

They feel their sin's accumulate,
And rise as mountains high ;
They feel that all their faculties,
Are overcast thereby ;
They know that sin on entering,
Brought death on all mankind ;
And though they feel its grievousness,
They yet no ease can find.

Their souls are in perplexity,
As under sentence bound,
When weighed in Justice's balances,
They all were lacking found ;
Their carnal minds rebelliously,
Reject the Law Divine ;
With God they are at enmity,
Contentious, rash, malign.

This timely soul awakening,
To their salvation tends,
To show them sin's enormity
The Lord conviction sends ;
Convinced of sin they cry to him,
With all their might and main ;
Then he adopts them cordially,
And they are born again.

It is through painful wrestlings,
Through deep distress and strife ;
Through doubts and sore perplexities,
They reach the way of life ;
Of comfort they are destitute,
Their hearts oppressed with care ;
And Satan tries persistently,
To keep them in his snare.

With earnest speed through obstacles,
That would their steps retard,
They seek the place arranged for them,
To shun the vengeful sword ;

When they behold with certainty,
The foe so very near,
No wonder they are hastening,
With faces blanched with fear

The soul when truly wakened,
A weighty burden feels,
To him his vile impurity,
The light of truth reveals ;
He feels his guilt most bitterly,
Naught could for it atone,
Or wash away or expiate,
But Jesus's blood alone.

No wonder if the soul should wince,
That feels condemned to die,
Who knows and feels his nakedness,
Before the searching Eye
Of Him who is omniscient ;
The Maker of all things ;
Who rules and fills immensity,
And reigns as King of kings.

No wonder if the soul should wince,
Who feels condemned to die,
Who fears the doom and destiny,
Of endless misery ;
Who feels he cannot satisfy,
The Law—or it obey ;
Although he owns indebtedness,
The debt he cannot pay.

If God should mark iniquity,
Before him who could stand,
Without an eye to pity us ;
Without a saving hand,
To cite us to his Judgment seat,
Should we his trumpet hear,
Oh ! who could bear the ordeal,
Devoid of awe and fear ?

How Great's your cause of gratitude,
Ye children of the King !
Then come before him thankfully,
Of praise your offerings bring ;
From all your foes in saving you,
He made his favor known ;
He broke the yoke of slavery,
And claimed you as his own.

In sin's debasing servitude,
We from our birth have been ;
Defiled in all our faculties,
We added sin to sin ;
Our sins augmented countlessy,
As mountains to the skies ;
From underneath the weight of them,
We never could arise ;

The devil held his grasp on us,
In dungeons dark and drear.
Their mortal plagues infected us ;
How foul their atmosphere !

For by the fall we forfeited,
Bright Eden's lovely bowers ;
Pure happiness and holiness,
Alas ! no more were ours.

We walked in disobedience—
We many a scheme did try ;
We sought by sinful practices,
The flesh to satisfy,
We to our ways disorderly
And thoughtlessly did cling ;
Though hastening to eternity,
As birds upon the wing.

If God in wrath had dealt with us,
And left us destitute ;
Without a saving interest,
In Christ's atoning blood ;
There would be none to succour us,
Or suffer in our room.
There would be none to shelter us,
Or to prevent our doom.

O Lord our King and Saviour,
To thee the praise belongs ;
To thee whose power delivered us,
We raise our willing songs ;
Though all our rights we forfeited,
And lost through Adam's fall,
Through grace's eternal Covenant,
They are recovered all.

When low in bonds of slavery,
 We lay despondingly ;
 In sinful gross deformity,
 With God at enmity—
 From cruel bonds he rescued us,
 Our fetters he unbound];
 Beneath his wings he sheltered us,
 With tender mercies crowned.

PART II.

“ Am Fiosrachadh Slainteil.” “ An darna h-earroinn ”

Assurance of faith declared by many,
 This day on every side,
 For us to obtain that saving mercy,
 Our Saviour suffered and died.
 Now anthems of praise and lays of gladness,
 Among the ransomed abound,
 Which those who repose from foes oppression,
 Through Jesus's merits have found.

When we were in thraldom's galling fetters
 With naught to help us or cheer,
 Though prostrate we lay debased and wretch-
 The Lamb to help us was near ; [ed,
 Then at his command our bands were broken,
 He bruised and conquered our foes,
 And gathered us here beneath his shelter,
 Where we can rest and repose.

He found us forlorn wayworn dejected,
Deformed and naked and bare,
And absent from God in lonesome darkness,
No home's attraction was there ;
But driven and tossed as dross and refuse,
In pathless deserts astray,
To wintry storms exposed unsheltered,
To all oppressors a prey.

But soon as the Lord, the call had given,
Dead souls it reached in their tomb,
As written of old dry bones were shaken,
Life's form and shape to assume ;
We thus from our woful low condition,
To glorious liberty rose,
Now thus is revealed Ezekiel's vision,
Its theme the Spirit thus shows.

Death or us prevailed its reign was lasting,
In satan's grasp we were bound,
Though prostrate in woful sore affliction,
With foes no pity was found ;
The Savior came—proclaimed redemption,
And oh ! how welcome the sound,
The Lamb that was slain to pay our ransom,
Our chains and shackles unbound.

His lifegiving word when heard and spoken,
Our souls responsive obeyed,
And followed his timely kind direction,
To find his shelter and aid ;

In him we have found our soul's redemption,
Our sure and permanent stay,
When we had received his healing virtue,
Diseases vanished away.

When wakened, we cried in dire affliction,
In keen contrition and fear.
But as we bemoaned our low condition,
The true Physician came near ;
Our health he restored our souls established,
Before him happy and free,
Our sins that enthralled us all he scattered,
And cast in depths of the sea.

The curse of the Fall in all its horrors,
From Adam followed mankind,
We outcasts became debased and hopeless,
And aliens totally blind ;
But Heaven provided timely succour,
Messiah promised of yore,
Came down from on high full right to give us,
Of light and life evermore.

Bright star of the morning ! Holy Cherub,
In glory ever dost shine,
Almighty to save, of great compassion,
Salvation's Chariots are thine ;
The sheep of thy fold in holy living,
In soul and Spirit are joined,
A threefold cord, no foe can sever,
By love from heaven entwined,

The promise of God of old to Israel,
That morn and light should arise, —
His promise to these receives confirming,
When he enlightens their eyes ;
Though pathless we strayed in haze and dark-
He safely carried us through, [ness,
When sickness prevailed and plagues infected,
He came our health to renew.

Salvation is come the Sun is risen,
With healing brought in his wings,
And onward to glory all his ransomed,
With joy and gladness he brings ;
While trusting his gracious faithful promise,
Our lays in homage we raise,
The word of Jehovah glows within us,
Our chords we thrill to his praise.

The prodigal came with great contrition,
Paternal pity to crave,
His son from afar the father welcomed,
And pardon readily gave ;
The Father's regard this warm reception
And all things else did provide,
The son was restored with joy and feasting,
And all his wants were supplied.

Why should not sweet lays of praise and hom-
To Jesus' honor abound, [age
With those that of faith and saving mercy,
The precious pearl have found ;

At home with the Lord restored and living,
Our joy shall never decrease--
With those that imbibe of life's pure River;
Alleluiah, never shall cease.

And now in the fold is heard sweet anthems,
Of praise and thanks to the Lamb,
To him who has died and lives forever,
Who is and was and shall come ;
His sheep with their lambs his hand shall gath-
Till all the scattered are found, [er,
Till we are before him whole and living,
With glorious victory crowned.

As Scripture declares a day is coming,
When pains and sorrows pass by,
When Christ cometh nigh to wipe forever,
All tears from every eye ;
It shall be a day of wailing terror,
To all who counsel refuse,
Who will not forsake their way of error—
Their day of mercy abuse.

How blest are the seed in Jesus' presence,
The seed that never shall die,
In every trial plight and worry,
They all upon him rely ;
Awaiting to hear his cheering welcome,
With keen expectant desire,
To Mansions eternal safe and happy,
Where we no pastors require.

COMMUNION HYMN.

"Laoidh Chomuinnich"

From the Gaelic of the late Rev. D. M. D.

O loving Jesus when alone,
Thou didst for all our guilt atone,
Thy might had thee sustained.
Thy might etc.
The cup of God's avenging wrath,
The cup that all mankind would scathe,
Thou in our stead has drained.
Thou in our etc.

Thy people now thy Table near,
To show thy death till thou appear
The sacred symbols sharing.
The sacred etc.
This holy feast thou didst enjoin,
Communion feast of bread and wine,
Our faith in thee declaring,
Our faith etc.

When on the cross about to die,
They gall unto thy lips apply,
A bitter mock libation.
A bitter etc.
The bitterest draught that ever was mixt,
Thou didst receive—that stood betwixt
Our souls and thy salvation.
Our souls etc.

Unto our souls thy words are sweet,
My children have you any meat,
I food for you prepared.
I food etc.

Beloved drink abundantly,
This open fount shall never dry,
Then come to me and share it.
Then come etc.

Unto the Lamb let praise be offered,
Who unto death for us has suffered,
Who shed his blood to save us ;
Who shed his etc.
Though we like sheep were scattered wide,
Unto his fold he did us guide,
And sure protection gave us.
And sure etc.

Thou didst us heavenly bread provide,
And from the rock our drink supplied,
While through the desert going ;
While through the etc.
Us kindly tookest by the hand,
And safely ledst us to a land,
With milk and honey flowing.
With milk etc.

In regal robes thy children come,
To be with thee their Lord at home,
By heavenly wisdom guided.
By heavenly etc.

Where all things that they shall possess
For their eternal happiness,
Are bounteously provided.
Are bounteously etc.

We know the Father's pitying love,
For he his son from heaven above,
As living bread revealed.
As living etc.

He said my flesh is meat indeed,
Likewise my blood is drink indeed,
Partake thereof—be healed.
Partake thereof etc.

Thy flocks by thee are safely led,
Are kindly shepherized and fed,
On pastures fresh and tender.
On pastures etc.
They all are safe for thou art near,
Their clouds and darkness disappear,
From thy effulgent splendour.
From thy etc.

Though ample stores on earth we have,
Much ampler are prepared above,
Where we shall meet before thee ;
Where we shall etc.
Our higher bliss shall then commence,
When we are all translated hence,
And see thee in thy glory.
And see thee etc.

MILLENNIAL HYMN.

In four Parts.

From the Gaelic of E. Lamont

PART I.

Those events that are nearing,
Holy Prophets have clearly foretold,
In their writings we find them
As the Spirit inspired them of old :
That a new Dispensation
Is to come such as never had been,
A thousand years in duration—
Former Ages the like have not seen.

Let me ponder this Topic,
As I tighten the chords of my Lyre—
Not the Epics of poets,
Though they glow with poetrical fire—
The exploits of Aeneas,
His adventures 'tween *Latium* and *Troy* ;
Nor shall vain speculations,
My attention engage or employ.

Of the coming of Jesus,
I will gladly and cheerfully sing,
Soon to gather his chosen,
As their shepherd their Lord and their
To release them from thralldom, [King ;
By the might of his Arm from Above,
Giving wealth and reunion,
And the sweetest Infusions of love.

Soon to banish the darkness,
That obscured and distracted their mind,
Bring to life and protect them,
In the fold where they shelter shall find ;
The returning poor exiles,
He will neither neglect nor forsake ;
Though their portion was bitter,
They will amply of sweetness partake.

To relieve the afflicted,
That have long in their misery pined,
Wipe the tears from their faces,
And their galling strong fetters unbind ;
In the land of their exile,
Where their haters infest them around,
From their cruel oppressors,
No defender or helper was found.

He that's blessed with discernment,
For to hear to observe and behold,
Sees the Scriptures fulfilling
In the Valley of Vision as told ;
Hears the noise and the shaking,
Of dry bones representing the Tribes,
Living breath blowing freely
From the Winds as Ezekiel describes.

The Lamb's Wife dons her garments,
Bright with jewels of dazzling sheen,
Now preparing to meet him,
Decked as John in the Vision had seen ;

Decked in bridal investments
She appeareth, expecting her Lord,
All her virgins attend her,
With affectionate tender regard.

She was owned by her Lover,
From of old in the Covenant of grace,
To the Law she's no debtor—
Jesus suffered to death in her place ;
He gave full satisfaction
To the Law in behalf of his Bride,
The demands of stern justice,
He in every point satisfied.

'Tis forever a marvel,
That the fallen could justified be,
And that Justice with Mercy,
In the plan of redemption agree ;
And that we are receiving
Gifts of love that exceed human ken,
Through the blood of atonement,
Reconciling the Godhead and men.

PART II.

When we lost by transgression,
Our delightful and pleasant abode,
Sin did blight the fair Garden,
All the world it did mar and corrode ;

Though the earth was disfigured,
By the curse with its withering bane.
When the curse is removed,
Then shall nature its beauty regain.

In the age that is coming,
The redeemed shall not sorrow nor sigh,
Christ shall rule o'er the nations—
He is ever a Saviour nigh ;
Then the evil shall vanish
Then shall righteousness flourish and thrive
Then instead of corruption,
Pure affection and love shall revive.—

Strife and envy and hatred,
With their mischief abate and subside,
Preparations are hasting,
That the Lamb o'er the earth may preside ;
With the light of the knowledge
Of his glory the world all shall be
Filled, as faithfully promised.
As the waters do cover the sea.

Trouble ceases, and Satan
Shall infatuate nations no more,
For the angel shall bind him,
And his power and pride he shall lower.
To the chain that confines him,
He shall find that resistance is vain.
The angel dooms him to prison,
In the bottomless pit to remain.

In his fold all his chosen,
And at peace with their God shall abide,
Fed and led by the Saviour,
Who to save them had suffered and died ;
Living water to give them,
That is better and sweeter than wine,
And his countenance o'er them,
With unspeakable glory shall shine.

O how blest is their portion,
Who are chosen its glory to share !
Then at rest with the Saviour,
No temptation can harrass them there ;
Sin forgiven them freely,
Shall not vex them or grieve as before,
They'll be blithesome and cheerful,
And their eyes shall be tearful no more.

Where the brooks were infected,
With the poison of serpents around ;
Streamlets cool and refreshing,
Pure and sweet to the taste shall abound ;
It is bliss to sojourners,
In the desert their murmurs to hear,
Pilgrims need not be thirsty,
Where the fountains are gushing so clear.

Where the thorn and the thistle,
Had, for ages, disfigured the ground,
Shall be fertile and fruitful,
What is needed as food shall abound ;

Timely showers shall refresh it,
Ever free from infection distil,
Naught can come to devastate,
Freezing streams shall not blast it or chill.

Then the sheep unmolested,
On their quiet green pastures shall feed,
Ever fresh, sweet and tender,
Faithful watchmen attend them and lead ;
Then the asp shall be harmless,
Brutal passions shall all disappear,
Then the ox and the lion,
Feed together nor threaten nor fear.

Wolves that used to be harmful,
Shall not worry the lambs on the plain,
Every creature that liveth,
In continual peace shall remain ;
War no more shall be studied,
And the swords that were bloody shall lie
In their scabbards unpolished,
And the tears of keen sorrow shall dry.

None shall hear the loud blasting
Of the trumpets for battle array,
Or the wail of the vanquished,
Or the victors' dread clash in the fray ;
Swords and spears out of practice,
Out of date and at rest shall be laid,
Till remodelled and fashioned—
Into plough-shares and pruning-hooks made

Christ will come as expected,
At his mandate the dead shall arise,
And the blind that were groping,
At his bidding shall open their eyes ;
From the tongue of the speechless,
Clear expressions most fitly shall flow,
And the deaf have their hearing,
And the lame shall career, as the roe.

PART III.

The good seed that were scattered,
From abroad shall be gathered again ;
In all changes and places
The least grain shall its essence retain.
In the day that's predicted,
Their dismay and affliction shall end,
For the Lord of the Harvest,
To recall them his Angels shall send.

As they joy in the Harvest
When their crops to their garner they
So the Angels them gather, - [bring,
Blithe and glad to the House of their King ;
None of them shall be rated
With the bundles whose fate is so dire,
Or be left as the stubble,
To be burnt with unquenchable fire.

Far from home in their exile,
No contentment or pleasure they found,
With their glory demolished,
And their dignity brought to the ground ;
Joy was turned into sadness,
Through the measures their captors devised
Under tyranny trampled,
Looked upon as a lamp that's despised.

Though their foes led them captive,
It was not through their valor or might—
They offended Jehovah,
And were left in their dolorous plight ;
They forgot that he saved them
Out of bondage and slavery's land
By the manifest prowess.
And miraculous power of his hand.

From his Statutes and Judgments,
They unthankfully turned aside ;
They neglected his Precepts,
And themselves with the Heathen allied ;
With the nations they mingled,
In their orgies though dingy and base,
All their idols they worshipped,
And adopted their customs and ways.

Jeroboam of Nebat,
Laid the rueful, nefarious plan
To infatuate Ephraim,
Made him idols in Bethel and Dan ;

Ephraim worshipped his idols,
Holding rights that were faithless and dead,
Until King Shalmaneser,
The ten Tribes into slavery led.

Though the daughter of Sion
Would compare with the finest of gold,
Sin her modesty blasted,
She did not to her chastity hold ;
Then her Lord to correct her,
Left her low in her enemy's power,
Who did grievously crush her,
Spill her blood and her substance devour.

See proud Babylon gather,
All her armies in battle array !
Haughty rash and abusive,
As if already sure of their prey ;
Unrelenting, unspairing,
Fierce and ravenous, daring and bold,
As bloodthirsty and greedy,
As the evening wolves round the fold !

See her bulwarks and ramparts
Coming down with a crash to the ground !
See her glory departing
As the groans of her slaughter resound !
See the tottering aged !
See the mothers with babes in their arms !
See the youths and the maidens
Put to death in the midst of alarms !

See her tearful and rueful
As a fugitive searching her way
While the tread of pursuers
Drawing nearer renews her dismay !
As the wail of the fallen,
Loud and ominous falls on her ear,
See her failing and fainting,
And her visage so deathlike appear !

See her masonry's havoc
Done by heathen's dread battering-rams !
See her temple where loudly,
Sweetly sounded the voice of her Psalms
Now contemptibly trampled,
And its furniture carried away
To the land of dumb idols,
On that direful calamitous day !

Hear her enemies' wanton,
Loud and boisterous laughter—Ha, ha !
Into ashes consume her,
The glad day that we looked for we saw !
Raze her ! raze her ! down quickly !
Sieze her treasures, her riches and store—
Blot her memory—end her
That she may be remembered no more !

See her sad and despondent,
Now in Babylon's bondage confined,
Far away from her Lover,
Broken hearted and troubled in mind !

See the harps that were tuneful,
On the willows unused and unstrung,
On the banks of the Chebar,
Ever hushed is the glee of their song !

See her now in confinement,
Without any her trials to share !
In her slavery toiling,
As a bird in the coils of a snare ;
To recover her freedom,
Though she wearily flutters her wings,
Her attempts and endeavors,
Are in vain for the snare to her clings.

But can death be her portion
When the love of her God cannot change ?
Naught can come to efface it ;
Or the Covenant of grace disarrange,
He her enemies punished,
But his own he released from their snare,
Haughty Babylon perished,
Given over to death and despair.

Cut asunder and broken,
Was the Hammer that smote all around ;
She was wounded most deeply,
For her hurt no physician was found ;
Mighty spoilers invaded,
At the ends her assailants rushed through,
Her wide gates they unfastened,
And her high and broad ramparts o'erthrew

Her defenders stood aimless
Her destroyers did rage as the sea,
And she perished like Sodom,
But Jehovah did Judah set free ;
On the daughter of Sion,
He his marvellous kindness bestowed,
And put her in possession,
Of her rights in her pleasant abode.

Though he thus did supply her,
Of his kindness unmindful was she—
Though the foe that defiled her,
In the heat of his ire she did see ;
She neglected his Precepts,
She would neither them hear nor obey,
And she swerved from his Statutes,
Till in anger he cast her away.

She continued rebellious,
She was always perverse in her ways,
Until Titus Jerusalem
Did entirely undo and erase ;
Since her final dispersion,
She's a fugitive restless, forlorn,
The Twelve Tribes are in trouble,
Of their glory they're utterly shorn.

He that carefully readeth
Of her strange antecedents as told,
And the awful denouncements
Of the Law as pronounced from of old ;

Sees that all are fulfilling
In her awful affliction and pain,
But the glory that's promised,
Shall be surely upon her again.

Though a mother abandon,
As the ostrich, the son of her womb,
Though the mountains be raised,
And the waves o'er their bases may come ;
Though afflictions unnumbered,
She may suffer while under his rod,
She will ne'er be forsaken
Of her merciful gracious God.

Upon those that distress her,
All the woes that are threatened shall fall,
Under foot she will trample,
All the nations that do her inthral ;
Every Kingdom submissive,
At her feet shall entreatingly bend,
And upon the recusant,
Threatened curses shall surely descend.

Fruitful Vine brought from Egypt
Of the vines the most seeming and rare !
But thy spoilers bereft thee
Of thy branches and left thee most bare
They demolished thy fences—
From thy stem thou wast recklessly torn ;
Thou wast broken to pieces,
Thou wast left a derision and scorn.

But according to promise,

From thy root shall grow branches again,
Like the teil and the *darach**.

In thy stock living sap shall remain ;
Thou by every blessing,
Unto matchless perfection shalt grow,
Unto thee all thy nations,
Seeking balm for their ailments shall flow.

Hostile blades cannot touch thee,

Frosts and mildews can blight thee no more
Vital sap ever wending

And ascending through every pore,
From thy root shall revive thee,
Till thy fruit its full ripeness attain,
In thy beauty and glory,
Thou shalt grow and forever remain.

Showers from heaven renew thee,

And upon the dew drops distil,
Which enhances thy glory,

And thy blossoms and foliage fill ;
From the sun on thee shining,
Loving smiles and benignity flow,
Through thy teeming green branches,
Balmy breezes incessantly blow.

Thou shalt not be disfigured,

By a barren or withering bough ;
In the Age that is future,
Thou shalt not be unfruitful as now !

* Terebinth or oak

With the blood of thy berries ;
Shall the vats from the presses o'erflow,
Upon those who will drink it,
Strength and permanent bliss will bestow.

PART IV.

Ere the Age shall be ushered,
In its glorious perfection a praise,
Great events shall have happened,
Ere shall pass the disasterous days !
Many woes and afflictions,
Shall be poured on the wicked and vain,
When the Lord comes from Heaven,
To assume his millennial reign !

As in the days of Noah—
Though the world was forewarned of the
Faithful warnings were given, [flood,
But their import was misunderstood ;
When the flood was prevailing,
Lamentations were vain and too late,
Earnest cries were unheeded,
Young and old had to yield to their fate.

So it likewise shall happen,
To the mockers in these later years,
Who will spurn the kind offers,
That are faithfully brought to their ears.

At the coming of Jesus,
They shall justly receive their reward,
As his message they slighted,
So in turn he will them disregard.

Now are sent delegations,
Warning nations to look to their arms,
Now the trumpet is sounding,
Long and loudly, the notes of alarms !
Now we notice before us,
The forebodings and signs of the times,
And that Jesus is coming,
To requite the unjust for their crimes.

Day the haughty to humble !
Day to lift from the dunghill the poor !
Day to gather the clusters !
Day the sheaves to collect and secure !
Day to waken his people
Unto life from the sleep of the tomb !
Day to gather in bundles
All the tares to be flung to their doom !

Day of woeful disasters !
Day of anarchy darkness and gloom
And of famine and earthquakes !
Plagues their deadliest symptoms assume !
Fuming blackness, o'erspreading !
Blood and fire—smoking vapor appear !
The sea and billows are raging.
Hearts are utterly failing for fear !

Men discouraged and heartless,
Stand aghast at the prospect they see,
Of the things that are coming
For their like was not seen nor shall be !
Those who Ba'bylon honor,
Shall their own blighted prospects bemoan,
When they see her in torments,
From her former high dignity thrown.

Ere the end of those troubles,
Active tillage shall suffer delay,
'The ploughshares shall be hammered,
Into sword that will clash in the fray ;
Pruning-hooks shall be tempered
Of anew and reversed into spears,
Fitly furbished and hefted,
For the desperate conflict that nears.

Firstly Gog and then Magog,
Mesech, Tubal, in armour appear,
With their trust in their valor,
Vast in numbers each phalanx draw near !
Persia joins them in order,
Ethiopia and Lybia go forth,
Gomer then and Togarma, [North,
Bring their hosts from the lands of the

When they muster their forces,
With their chariots and horsemen in train,
All the land they will darken,
As the locust that cover the plain !

But they'll fall in the battle,
Notwithstanding their valor and toil,
In the strife they shall perish,
And the just shall inherit their spoil.

Then the just shall be victors,
And exempt from affliction for aye,
They will rule o'er the nations
That had formerly made them their prey ;
Unto to those who oppressed them,
Shall be given a recompense meet,
Those who robbed and despoiled them,
Shall be trod as the mire of the street.

Wicked men shall not prosper,
Nor their seed unto honor shall come,
They shall be as dry stubble,
Which will suddenly burn and consume ;
They'll be driven with tempests,
As the down on the heights of the moor ;
From the lot of the righteous,
They'll be swept as the chaff from the floor.

Through my course thus I wended,
And am nearing the end of my song,
While my lyre I am slacking,
To be left in its wrappings unstrung ;
Let me earnestly counsel,
Those who hear me to watch and to pray,
Let us ever be mindful,
Of redeeming the time while we may.

Let us praise and adore him,
While with reverence before him we bow,
Him who raised from the dust us,
Showing mercy from first until now ;
Him who guideth our goings,
Ever nigh us and showing the way,
And will bring us to heaven,
Though our house that is earthly decay.

Walking humbly and meekly,
Where the blessings of peace we can share,
Lest the world may entrap us,
And our hearts with its profers ensnare ;
Striving hard with persistence,
Against all that would guilt on us bring,
With our lamps ever burning,
We await the return of the King.

THE END.